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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1271.

Original Poem.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WM. ALEXANDER, A. M.

Balbec and Palmyra are famous for their ruins. Amid an vast a field of ruins, the remnant of the beholder of ten thousands in some former scene. Of all possessed to the eye, on the plain of Balbec, an isolated portion is so exceedingly beautiful as the six detached pillars of its Great Temple. There is such an exquisite proportion in their elevation, the beholder feels as if he could sit at their feet and weep. The diameter of the columns is seven feet, their height sixty, exclusive of the capitals, which would make seventy feet in length. Gigantic lions sculptured, and elaborate leaves and fruits, and flowers, and other figures, adorn the upper members of this city of ruins.

I.

On Balbec's plain unchanged I stand,
And view her Three-struck temples as they lay,
In fragments strewn, like the wrecks of every land,
Which Time, with a restless hand, has shaken away
To God's dwelling place. Here dread devery,
Wrought by the hand of Omnipotence!

Whose regular construction is at work for ages,
And shall be, till Nature's frame—shape—of all crimes
Makes full the progress mingled—and ruin sublime.

II.

Upon the relics of the mouldering pile
Of this old city's ruins long I gaze,
And meditate upon past mighty days,
Beneath the midnight moon's pale silvery rays,
While silence reigns o'er the city's ancient scene,
Save silent, as the pathways of the dead;
No voice, save Is' artist's cry, which hardly stays
Along the bright'ning colors, whose all are fled,
Who came to worship here with superstitious dread.

III.

Here once along the empire in solemn throngs,
Passed the majestic worshippers of fire;
Here once the sacrificial flame, in honor
Of adoration—rushed, dense and high,
Accompanied by the holy hymn of praise,
While the dreadful sea in ecstasy made wild heads.
The Chaldean's sun-beam reflected to their eyes,
Their temples everlasting—which to bands,
After and near, a selected of wonder stands—

IV.

All had not fallen. Rising upon the sky,
One mighty arch, nearly perfect, appeared,
Six Time-struck pillars. Truly in the eye,
Unutterable feelings appeared,
To look on these dismal ruins! We shed the tears
Of sorrow o'er the wrecks of Time. We fall
Into a reverie of thought, and, in every heart,
Some vision mighty—which all feel,
Yield to Time's strongest, with darkness for their pall.

V.

Behold! wild vines, and weeds, and ivy-grass,
Wander o'er the ruins, flourishing about!
The still magnificent, as they had been
Reflected in the light of Heaven and bold.
They yet their Maker's skill and power unfold,
While silent reigns, on all sides, around.
Le thick as leaves of moss on other soil'd,
Upon many warrior's mighty battle-ground,
Where heroes have fought, and where they shall sound.

VI.

Then as the skies, his mysterious proud once voice,
Raging in hour as ever-during roar
Behind him. Vain, alas! hath hopes and fears.
Of him and his mighty multitude!
Yet as "all is vanity," search I appears,
Even on his tomb—his mighty tomb—of the skies
Bears ever sacred; or whose country's tears.
Beside its grave, when a pilgrim's eyes
To whom is all the wisdom of ever trod.

VII.

But Balbec is an ocean! not Babylon,
Nor Nineveh of old, which rose sublime!
The seat of Asia's Mere-Monarchy!
So fall the extreme, in it' appointed time,
Of all by their decree, and proud to their fame.
Nations, as mortal persons, have their day
Their final fault did it. They die, as live in rhyme
Of poetry, of all their feeble tribute given
In verse our perishing and kindred as decay.

Original Tales.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. ALLAN—AUTHOR OF THE DREAM OF LEILA."

CHAPTER I.

"Henry, where is my father?" enquired Mary Sinclair, a beautiful girl of seventeen, with a dark blue eye, and the cheek of Hebe; as she entered the counting-house where Henry, her father's confidential clerk, was busily engaged, seated at a table in the back. "Where is my father?—Lord thought I should have found him at home."

"He is at present, my lovesome of importance, and will not probably return for some time," replied the young man, rising with alacrity, and presenting her with a seat. "Is there anything that I can do for Miss Sinclair?" he added in a lower tone, and in a more tender and impressive accompaniment. "she knows how happy I am to oblige her."

"Indeed she knows no such thing," retorted the young lady, with an air of pique. "How often have I told you—I don't like to be called Miss, and yet you will persist in using it. Why do you not call me Mary as you once did? One would think from your present manner that we were utter strangers, instead of playfellows from childhood. What have I done to offend you?"

Alas, Miss Sinclair," replied the young man, "I cannot forget, what I must confess I have lately begun to regard in its true light, the difference of our stations in life: you a beauty and an heiress, and caressed by fortune; I, a poor dependant on your father's bounty, indebted to him for every thing that I possess, even to my daily bread, and a thousand acts of kindness that must ever claim my warmest gratitude and love. Believe me, Miss Sinclair, though that which kinds a act' to his lord. In our younger days, while we still remained in blissful ignorance of the fact, Heaven knows, I would make between the rich and poor the distinction we indulged in was excusable, but in mind, as it my longer would be in my companion. I had—believe me I deeply feel the presumption that would teach me to hanker after one so far above me in every respect—and that to yield again to such feelings would be a wrong; might be fatal to my future peace of mind. Let us, therefore, as circumstances have already awakened feelings in my breast that—that—pardon me, I have said more,—far more than I should have said."

He stopped suddenly, confused and embarrassed, but not more so than the fair girl before him. Her cheek alone had become pale, but the color of the imaginative heart momentarily to flush to pierce the temples of her brow. Finding that he was not likely to renew the conversation she at length summoned to look up. A shade of disappointment passed over her features when she observed that he had regained his former distant and respectful demeanor.

"I said, would that I were poor!" she sighed, as if communing with herself.

The young man gazed at her in surprise. There eyes met—and held a pause in confusion, while a beating blush spread over brow and cheek and neck. A hope thrilling as it was delicious, entered the bosom of the young man, but he restrained to indulge it. "Could it be—that it possible, that he was betrayed—had the intense and hopeless passion which he himself had so long struggled to crush, taken root in the heart of his employer's daughter? The thought was wild and for a moment swept away all the prudent resolutions he had formed; but it was only for a moment. Reason, cooler reason to his aid and enabled him to repress the eager wishes that love had awakened. "Is! no!" he murmured inwardly, "I will not abuse the confidence of my benefactor! I will not steal from him the affection of his child. Knowing as I do that he has other views for her, it would be base of me to cross his hopes. Never, never shall he have it in his power to accuse me of ingratitude.

Such was his determination, but he was still a novice in the art of concealing his feelings.

"Forget what I have uttered," he said, in a low agitated tone. "Forget what I have uttered Miss Sinclair. Here are some letters and settlements, the expression of which we cannot always control, although to indulge them would be a dishonor. So long as I control myself to the required distance I have assumed I trust I shall be able to maintain sufficient self-command not to offend against the duty I owe your father, to conquer the temptation of my own heart. Too much, too much, have I given to the struggle! It has cost me to overcome a love that has grown up even with my years. Forgive me if I seem presumptuous in speaking thus to you: I will not—trust me I will not so offend again."

How often when our feelings are agitated do we misjudge those most unfortunate. Mary, who with the best intentions in the world, we are endeavoring to extricate ourselves from the false position into which we have been betrayed by the expressive words which we had intended never to have spoken. Such was the case with our hero. He felt, even while he was speaking, that he was exposing still further the feelings he desired most studiously to conceal, but he hurried on, regardless of every thing but the difficulty of a retreat. The reply of Mary showed him still more forcibly the error he had committed.

"My father loves you!" she said in a bewildering tone, "as dearly as if you were his own son—and I—" she continued, blushed, blinked and hid her face in her handkerchief.

"Oh, that you were poor, indeed," exclaimed Henry, unable to subdue the emotions awakened by the open display of her's: "that I might woo you openly and honestly, that I might win a home to offer you."

"How! heart very fast! very far indeed!" exclaimed a voice that caused the pair to start like lunk round in confusion. Unperceived by them a third person had become a witness to their rencontre and stood looking on them with an air of angry surprise. The intruder was an old gentleman, rather short and corpulent, apparently in the decline of years, although his carriage was erect, and his whole appearance unusually hale and hearty. There was an expression of keen penetration and violence in his countenance, but the fiery gleam of the small restless eye, together with a frequent contraction of the heavy bushy eyebrows, betokened a disposition somewhat irritable and impatient of contradiction. While in a state of repose, or when unmolested and undisturbed, the features of the old man set on the mind was decidedly favorable, but when excited they seemed to change, and the beholder would have been apt to overlook his former judgment. In short Mr. Sinclair—for such was the intruder's name—was a being of the first mark, but frequently misled by the outbreaks of an ill regulated temper.

"Sir!" he explained, sharply, after enjoying for a few moments the confusion which his unexpected appearance had created—"Sir! this is the first day that you have employed during my absence—for what business have you here?" turning to his daughter, he continued—"and you, sir, have you no better employment than to be stealing love to my daughter?"

"Sir, I assure you," began Henry eagerly——

"Assure me nothing, sir!" interrupted the old man, "assure me nothing, or I shall be tempted to think you deceive. Leave—leave!—he added a moment after—take those letters to the Post Office immediately, and as you come back, stop at the Bank and enquire about those notes. By and bye I shall have something more to say to you on the present subject."

"I beseech you to hear what I have to say, sir," expostulated Mary, as he took the letters and pocket book which the old man extended towards him.

"Not a word, sir! Zounds! must I tax you between twice, reiterated Mr. Sinclair, in an angry tone, "go! go! before I do or say something I may be sorry for."

"Go, go, Henry," whispered Mary, imploringly.

Aware that any attempt to obtain a hearing must at present prove utterly fruitless, Henry left the office with a heavy heart, and hastened to fulfil the commission that had been given him. For some time after, he pondered by himself in the street without taking the slightest notice of his daughter, who waited with considerable anxiety for the return of her father, and pouted for the present neglect with a wet. "Is there anything that I can do for Miss Sinclair?" he asked in a lower tone, after a short and constrained interval of silence. "she knows how happy I am to oblige her."

"Indeed she knows no such thing," retorted the young lady, with an air of pique. "How often have I told you—I don't like to be called Miss, and yet you will persist in using it. Why do you not call me Mary as you once did? One would think from your present manner that we were utter strangers, instead of playfellows from childhood. What have I done to offend you?"

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"Foolish girl!" he exclaimed, in a milder tone, "why do you weep, I am not angry with you, but the idle boy, who has, I fear, turned your head."

"How so, dear father," replied Mary, "how so, dear father, you surely do not think that I could for a moment set aside your wishes and should have acted in opposition to your command—no, indeed, upon our wonderful speech you have nothing to fear, for I am incapable of any opposition of birth, but made so short work of it every thing. It was not until after we had separated that I discovered that he had expressed his former distant and respectful demeanor.

"I said, would that I were poor!" she sighed, as if communing with herself.

The young man gazed at her in surprise. There eyes met—and held a pause in confusion, while a beating blush spread over brow and cheek and neck. A hope thrilling as it was delicious, entered the bosom of the young man, but he restrained to indulge it. "Could it be—that it possible, that he was betrayed—had the intense and hopeless passion which he himself had so long struggled to crush, taken root in the heart of his employer's daughter? The thought was wild and for a moment swept away all the prudent resolutions he had formed; but it was only for a moment. Reason, cooler reason to his aid and enabled him to repress the eager wishes that love had awakened. "Is! no!" he murmured inwardly, "I will not abuse the confidence of my benefactor! I will not steal from him the affection of his child. Knowing as I do that he has other views for her, it would be base of me to cross his hopes. Never, never shall he have it in his power to accuse me of ingratitude.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We hope this week to be able to announce with certainty that our subscribers may receive early copies of the Twenty-Seventh. As to the delay in the delivery of the last Post, we have been little less than ready to obtain the documents in order to insert them entire. Congress, the Treasury, and other departments of Government, have been most of our readers will perceive the documents, but in the meantime a large portion of the Post was printed off.

The message of the President to Congress, and the reports of the Secretaries of the several Executive Departments, will be found in full in this week's Post. The message is, as usual, a plain, sensible, and unpretending document. The reports are elaborate, and contain much information of a highly interesting character. The views of the Secretary of the Treasury, in relation to the Tariff, will be found especially worthy of attention. He has not, indeed, suggested any specific alteration of the present laws, but he has pointed out the defects of the system, and has left it to the wisdom of Congress to pass such laws as will remedy the evils complained of. The report of the Secretary of War is regarded by many as the most important of the whole. It is full and explicit in all that relates to the Indian affairs, and contains a plan for the removal of the Indians from the States and Territories to the West of the Mississippi, which, if carried into effect, will be productive of the most beneficial results. The report of the Secretary of the Navy is regarded by many as the most important of the whole. It is full and explicit in all that relates to the Indian affairs, and contains a plan for the removal of the Indians from the States and Territories to the West of the Mississippi, which, if carried into effect, will be productive of the most beneficial results. The report of the Secretary of the Navy is regarded by many as the most important of the whole. It is full and explicit in all that relates to the Indian affairs, and contains a plan for the removal of the Indians from the States and Territories to the West of the Mississippi, which, if carried into effect, will be productive of the most beneficial results.

On the subject of Mexico the President's views are very decided. He thinks that the United States have been treated with contempt by Mexico, and that the time has arrived when the wrongs we have suffered should be redressed, and the honor of the country vindicated. He recommends that the claims of our citizens upon Mexico be settled by the sword, if they cannot be settled by negotiation. He thinks that Congress will fail in its duty if it does not promptly adopt such measures as will secure to the United States the payment of the claims of our citizens upon Mexico. He thinks that Congress will fail in its duty if it does not promptly adopt such measures as will secure to the United States the payment of the claims of our citizens upon Mexico. He thinks that Congress will fail in its duty if it does not promptly adopt such measures as will secure to the United States the payment of the claims of our citizens upon Mexico.

As soon as the act to annex Texas as a State shall be passed, the Governor of Mexico will, we presume, be commissioned by that power to receive the money. The Texian Minister at Washington has been informed that the money will be paid in five years, in equal annual instalments, the first of which will be paid on the thirteenth of April, 1843, and the last on the thirteenth of April, 1847. The first instalment will be paid on the thirteenth of April, 1843, and the last on the thirteenth of April, 1847. The first instalment will be paid on the thirteenth of April, 1843, and the last on the thirteenth of April, 1847. The first instalment will be paid on the thirteenth of April, 1843, and the last on the thirteenth of April, 1847.

The public stock was not undervalued by the millions of dollars, connected with other claims upon the United States, the property of our citizens now in the possession of the Government, and subject to be restored, or paid for by the recognized, that will be paid by Texas. The public stock was not undervalued by the millions of dollars, connected with other claims upon the United States, the property of our citizens now in the possession of the Government, and subject to be restored, or paid for by the recognized, that will be paid by Texas. The public stock was not undervalued by the millions of dollars, connected with other claims upon the United States, the property of our citizens now in the possession of the Government, and subject to be restored, or paid for by the recognized, that will be paid by Texas.

If we consider the extent of territory involved in the annexation, and the character of the people, we shall see the measure by which it has been accomplished, in the most favorable light. For at the period when the union of Texas with the United States was first proposed, Mexico was torn by civil dissensions, and the people were divided into two parties, the one in favor of the annexation, and the other opposed to it. The former party was headed by the celebrated Santa Anna, who was then President of Texas, and the latter party was headed by the celebrated Bustamante, who was then President of Mexico. The former party was headed by the celebrated Santa Anna, who was then President of Texas, and the latter party was headed by the celebrated Bustamante, who was then President of Mexico.

The protection of the United States, which at the formation of the federal constitution was promised by the 10 State's, on the admission of each new State into the Union, has been extended to the District of Florida, and been peaceably extended to the District of Texas. In consequence of the annexation of Texas to the United States, the people of Texas have become citizens of the United States, and are entitled to the protection of the United States. The people of Texas have become citizens of the United States, and are entitled to the protection of the United States. The people of Texas have become citizens of the United States, and are entitled to the protection of the United States.

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The annexation of Texas to the United States was a measure of great importance, and was accomplished by the most favorable circumstances. The people of Texas were divided into two parties, the one in favor of the annexation, and the other opposed to it. The former party was headed by the celebrated Santa Anna, who was then President of Texas, and the latter party was headed by the celebrated Bustamante, who was then President of Mexico. The former party was headed by the celebrated Santa Anna, who was then President of Texas, and the latter party was headed by the celebrated Bustamante, who was then President of Mexico

now engaged in a third expedition; but it is not expected that this arduous service will be completed in season to enable me to communicate the result to Congress at the present session.

Our relations with the Indian tribes are of a favorable character. [illegible]

[illegible]

extension of our territory, and the acts of Congress authorizing suits against the United States for large bodies of valuable public lands, as greatly to increase his labors and responsibilities. I therefore recommend that the Attorney General be placed on the same footing with the heads of the other executive departments, with such subordinate officers, provided by law for his department, as may be required to discharge the additional duties which have been or may be devolved upon him.

Congress possess the power of exclusive legislation over the District of Columbia; and I commend the interests of its inhabitants to your favorable consideration. The people of this District have no legislative body of their own, and must confide their local as well as their general interests to representatives in whose election they have no voice, and over whose official conduct they have no control. Each member of the National Legislature should consider himself as their immediate representative, and should be the more ready to give attention to their interests and wants, because he is not responsible to them. I recommend that a liberal and generous spirit may characterize your measures in relation to them. I shall be ever disposed to show a proper regard for their wishes; and, within constitutional limits, shall at all times cheerfully co-operate with you for the advancement of their welfare.

I trust it may not be deemed inappropriate to the occasion for me to dwell for a moment on the memory of the most eminent citizen of our country, who, during the summer that is gone by, has descended to the tomb. The enjoyment of contemplating, at the advanced age of near four score years, the happy condition of his country, cheered the last hours of Andrew Jackson, who departed this life in the tranquil hope of a blessed immortality. His death was happy, as his life had been eminently useful. He had an unfaltering confidence in the virtue and capacity of the people, and in the permanence of that free government which he had largely contributed to establish and defend. His great deeds had secured to him the affections of his fellow-citizens, and it was his happiness to witness the growth and glory of his country which he loved so well. He departed amidst the benedictions of millions of freemen. The nation paid its tribute to his memory at his tomb. Coming generations will learn from his example the love of country and the rights of man. In his language on a similar occasion to the present, "I now commend you, fellow-citizens, to the guidance of Almighty God, with a full reliance on His merciful providence for the maintenance of our free institutions; and with an earnest supplication, that whatever errors it may be my lot to commit in discharging the arduous duties which have devolved on me, will find a remedy in the harmony and wisdom of your counsels."

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, December 2, 1845.

United States SATURDAY POST.

SPECULATION IN WHEAT.

Notwithstanding the partial failure of the crops abroad, it will not do for our agriculturalists to be too sanguine of higher prices than those which have been already reached. Even the present price of wheat and flour here is scarcely warranted by the condition of things abroad. The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser has an able article on this subject. It says that on all hands it is conceded that there must be a *considerable* advance on the prices current in Great Britain at the time of the departure of the steamer Britannia, to render the purchases lately made for shipment profitable. The latest quotation at Liverpool for American flour in bond, was 33s; equal at 8 per cent. premium of exchange to $7 92 here. An order for flour executed at present prices and shipped to Liverpool, if sold in bond at 33s, would result in a loss of full 3s. 1d., or about 75 cents per barrel.

A shipment of wheat would be attended with a similar result. The latest quotation at Liverpool for the best quality wheat in bond, was 8s.a8s. 3d. per bushel of 70 lbs. The present price of wheat here is about $1 45 per bushel of 60 lbs. 100 bushels of wheat bought here would therefore net only 85 5-7 bushels in Liverpool, and a purchase here and a sale there at present prices would result in a loss of from 9d. to 1s. per bushel.

These calculations are founded upon the assumption of sales in bond, the payment of duty under the state of affairs existing at our latest accounts being out of the question, as the duty on wheat was 16s. a quarter, or 2s. a bushel; and 10s. a barrel on flour, while the difference in the price between a barrel of American flour in bond, and a barrel of Canada flour, duty paid, was only from 3s. to 4s., or say from 6 to 7 shillings less than the amount of duty which it would be necessary to pay on American flour before it could be entered for home consumption. It is therefore very evident that either there must be a great enhancement of prices, the duties must be materially lessened, or shipments from this side of the Atlantic cannot go forward at present current rates.

Again, the speculative movements here are not unattended by corresponding speculative movements abroad. The English do not seem to expect so great an advance in flour as we do. It is well, therefore, to be careful. Already wheat and flour command a very good price by grasping for a higher, price do not lose what you can now get! If *all* hold back their crops there will be a glut of the market in the spring, and a consequent decline of prices.

MORMON TROUBLES.

The St. Louis papers contain accounts of fresh outrages in the Mormon district. The Republican of Saturday week, says: "A foul murder was committed about ten miles south-west of Warsaw, on the person of a Mormon named Durfee. On Saturday last, a stack of straw near the house of Samuel Hancock, was set on fire. The inmates of the house, among whom was the deceased, ran out to extinguish the flames, when they were fired upon by some person or persons in the vicinity of the stack, and Durfee was instantly killed. Major Warren is said to have arrested three persons on suspicion. Durfee, it is said, was not a prominent Mormon, nor particularly odious to the anti-Mormons. The Signal denounces it, and seeks to relieve the anti-Mormons from the odium of it. A meeting of citizens of Warsaw took place on Monday evening, for the purpose of expressing their disapprobation of this and other recent acts of violence, and this was done by resolutions then passed."

On the night of the 12th, some persons went to the house of a Mormon named Rice, who was suspected of having murdered a man named Daubenheyer, took him out, and set fire to the premises. Everything was consumed.

The Mormons have disposed of nearly all the lands to which they have any title, in the south part of Hancock county. This is the case in the vicinity of Fountain Green. Around La Harpe, but few sales have been made, and this is the case in the neighborhood of Nauvoo. They are said to ask unreasonably high prices for it—but of this both sides may be permitted to judge.

The persons charged with having destroyed the Nauvoo Expositor office, were tried at Carthage some days since. The facts charged were proved, but there were Mormons on the jury, and they brought in a verdict of not guilty.

At an election which recently came off in Lee county, Iowa, two candidates were elected to the Legislature by a large majority, pledged in favor of removing the Mormons from that county.

FROM JAMAICA.

We have dates from Jamaica to the 5th November. The island was healthy. The Colonial Legislature was in session. In consequence of the difficulty of procuring labor on the plantations, a proposition had been made by some of the English proprietors to introduce immigrants from India. The proposition was for the shipment of five thousand *coolies*, as the immigrants are termed, from the port of Calcutta, at a period not later than the 1st March next, direct for the Island of Jamaica. The proposition, it seems, required the assent of the Colonial Legislature, and at the date of these advices there appeared to be no doubt but it would be readily attained. We do not gather from the papers before us the character or condition of these immigrants. Whether they come voluntarily and as freemen or as apprentices or redemptioners, we are not informed.

STORMY THANKSGIVING.

Thursday, of last week, was as stormy in Boston, where it was also Thanksgiving, as it was here. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind toppled over sundry chimneys, blew down the new hotel on Nantasket Beach, knocked about the shipping in Boston harbor, and did other mischiefs. The rain also washed away a portion of the embankment of the Eastern Railroad, near Kennebunk, and delayed the passage of the cars for some time.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The line of Telegraph between Philadelphia and Baltimore is under contract, to be completed by the 15th of January. After that the Congressional proceedings will appear in the Philadelphia morning papers at the same time they do in the Washington journals, viz: the next day after they occur. The posts are already being laid, in Philadelphia, for the line between that city and New York.

THE POOR.

Now that winter is at hand let us turn our thoughts to the poor. We that sit in comfortable apartments and hear the cold blast fruitlessly struggling at the casement for admittance, are too apt to forget the sufferings of others less favored by the bounties of Providence. We think not of the lone widow in her leaky tenement, or of her children crouching over the half-fed fire, while the wind whistles through the crannies and whirls the snow in their thin, blue faces. We think not of the old man, perhaps a soldier of his country, who begs his way along the bleak turnpike in these December days. Nor do we think of those others, who reduced to poverty by their own misconduct, are still men and brothers, and therefore not to be left to starve.

> "Poor houseless wretches! wheresoe'er ye be
> That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,
> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
> Your looped and windowed raggedness defend ye
> From seasons such as these?"

On this subject the Brooklyn Advertiser has some forcible remarks which are equally applicable to other sections of the country. "The prospect," it says, "opens darkly for the poor of this City during the coming Winter. Indirectly in consequence of the rise in breadstuffs in Europe, provisions of all kinds have advanced to prices which are without parallel in this city for years past; and it is a painful certainty that provision dealers have taken the opportunity to put in practice a most unwarrantable degree of extortion on all kinds of produce. If the wholesale prices of articles have gone up say twenty-five per cent., they demand by retail about fifty. Fuel likewise is very high and likely to become still higher. It is the poor who bear the burden of this appreciation and suffer all the ills resulting from high prices; for the wealthy can lay in their stocks of provision and *fuel* while prices are low. But when the rigors of winter come on the poor *must* buy in small quantities at the enhanced prices as they actually need them. The rich with their well-stocked palaces can laugh to scorn both the appreciation of commodities of prime necessity and the efforts of combinations. But the poor—God help them!—are at the mercy of everybody's cupidity."

AFFRAY AT N. ORLEANS.

An affray occurred at New Orleans, on the 17th ult., which resulted in the death of Capt. Joseph B. Carson, of this city. It seems that Carson had a difficulty with Mr. Thomas M. Wadsworth, some few weeks since, which resulted in the captain sending the latter a challenge. The details, however, could not be agreed upon, and no resort was had to the *duello*. On the evening in question the two met in the St. Louis Exchange, when Carson asked Wadsworth if he intended to give him satisfaction for injuries he conceived himself laboring under? Wadsworth asked "What kind of satisfaction do you want?" At this moment, Carson, who it appears had his hands in his pockets, drew one of them out, and making a gesture, was about to rejoin, when Mr. Wadsworth instantly shot him with a Colt's six-barrelled revolving pistol. The shot entered the left breast of the unfortunate man, broke one of his ribs, and perforated the heart. He died in less than two minutes, without uttering a syllable. Mr. Wadsworth surrendered to Mr. D. Augustin, the Sheriff, and was forthwith lodged in the parish prison. On Mr. Wadsworth's person was found a Bowie knife, besides the instrument with which the dreadful deed was done. Five barrels of the pistol out of the six were found loaded. The deceased had nothing but a small pocket knife of three blades in his possession. Coroner Ramos held an inquest over the body—verdict, "came to his death from a pistol shot fired by the prisoner."

Captain Carson was a native of Philadelphia and a son of Captain Carson, who was shot in the year 1816, in his own house, at the southwest corner of Second and Dock streets, by Lieut. Smith, of the United States Army, who was executed for the murder. The coincidence in the deaths of the father and the son are painfully striking.

FROM OREGON.

News to the 28th of July has been received from Oregon city. From it we learn that the Americans have full possession of the country south of the Columbia. Being in the majority, and under a republican constitution similar to that of the Territory of Iowa, the Americans in Oregon elect all officers of government, appoint judges and administer the laws. The servants of the Hudson's Bay Company favor independence, and a number of influential Americans have taken the same side.

Parties are said to be very nearly balanced on the question of maintaining a separate government, independent of the United States and England, and if a sufficient number of Americans can be persuaded to join the independents and turn the scale, it is proposed to issue a declaration of independence, taking in the whole territory in dispute, the Hudson Bay Company to cede the forts and trading posts to the new government. This movement is sustained and justified on the ground of the settlers having occupied and improved a wilderness, in which the Hudson Bay Company of London, has been a mere hunter or temporary resident, and over which neither the government of the United States nor that of Great Britain exercises the rights of sovereignty.

The crops are most abundant. There is a great want of vessels. The two sailing packets running between Oregon and the Sandwich Island, cannot accommodate the commerce of the Columbia. Freight, it was supposed, would advance fifty to a hundred per cent when the crops came to market.

FROM MEXICO.

We have news from Vera Cruz to November 5th. The Mexican Congress had authorized the Government to open negotiations with the United States, for an amicable adjustment of all questions in dispute. The U. S. ship John Adams would sail from Vera Cruz on the 8th inst., for Pensacola. It was said she was waiting to convey a Mexican Minister or Commissioner to the U. S.

Don Jose Maria Flores made a balloon ascension at Zacatecas, on the 17th of October. The balloon ascended about sixty feet, when it took fire, and the æronaut, falling to the ground, was dangerously injured.

The Indians still continue their attacks on the villages in Zacatecas and Durango. On the 17th of October, in the latter place, they were attacked and routed by a detachment of soldiers. The following are the ports open for foreign vessels: Sisal, Campeache, San Juan de Tobasco, Vera Cruz, Tampico, Matamoras; and the following *when Texas returns to the obedience of the Supreme Government*, viz: Matagorda, Velasco, Galveston. On the South Sea, Acapulco, San Blas, Mazatlan, California, Guyamas and Monterey.

MEMPHIS CONVENTION.

This body adjourned *sine die* at the close of the third day's session. The only business of importance transacted, was the passage of a series of resolutions, asserting that the improvement of the navigation of the great Western rivers ought to be taken in hand by Congress—that the project of connecting the Mississippi with the Lakes of the North by a ship canal, is a measure worthy the consideration of Congress—that the Gulf and Lakes ought to receive as much attention from Congress as the Atlantic sea-board—that a Dry Dock ought to be established in the Gulf—and that the Mississippi ought to be embanked. Railroads through the South and West were also recommended—as well as the establishment of Western Arsenals, the extension of the Magnetic Telegraph, and the improvement of the mails in the South and West. In conclusion it was resolved that the President of the Convention appoint a Committee of five members to memorialize Congress on the various topics, embraced in the resolutions—and also that the President of the Convention appoint a Committee of five members to address their common constituents on the same subjects.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

News from the Sandwich Islands to the 6th of September has been received, by the overland mail from the Pacific, via San Blas and Vera Cruz. American affairs at the islands were unsettled, and the Americans are in anxious expectation of the arrival of the new U. S. Commissioner, Mr. Ten Eyck. The first whale ship of the season from the N. W. coast had just come in. She was the South America, of Providence, twenty-two months out, on her way home with 6,900 bbls. of oil and 60,000 lbs. of bone. This is an unusually quick voyage. The South America is probably the largest and fastest whale-ship that sails out of the United States.

HARD NAMES.

In a report of the proceedings of the National Council of the Cherokee Nation, are some names that we suppose have been literally translated from the Cherokee tongue, and anglicised, but we do not think that they gain much by the transformation, as witness: "Mr. Six Killer," "Mr. Bark Flute," and "Mr. Young Elder."

POTATOES ABROAD.

Singular as it may seem, potatoes are cheaper in England than here. The packet ship Patrick Henry brought over, last week, one thousand bushels of potatoes, which cost in Liverpool, one shilling and nine pence a bushel, or thirty-eight cents. This is three pence less than the same article cost at Liverpool last year, and less than one half the price that potatoes bring in this market.

GREENE CO. OUTRAGES.

The Buffalo Commercial thinks that the developments in the case of Mrs. Burdick, are too astounding for belief—and regards the matter, as it now stands, as one of the clumsiest kinds of conspiracies to victimize a wealthy man.

PASS HIS NAME.

Col. Summer, an editor in Columbia, S. C., has declined a challenge to a duel from a brother editor, on the ground that duelling is prohibited both by the laws of God and man. This is true courage.

LOSS OF LIFE.

Within the last three weeks nearly thirty vessels have been wrecked on the Lakes—many of them a total loss, with their crews.

General News.

☞ A most horrid case of burying alive occurred a few weeks since in Baltimore, and which although generally talked of, has out of respect to the friends of the deceased, hitherto been excluded from the public prints. A young lady was taken sick, and *died very suddenly*, as was supposed by the family and physician, and was placed in her coffin and carried to the depository of the family, and interred in the family vault. A few days afterwards on visiting the vault, they were struck with the horrible sight of the young lady in her burial clothing, out of the coffin, and sitting up against the side of the wall—dead! As may be supposed, the discovery has plunged a family and large circle of acquaintances in the deepest anguish. It was found on examining the coffin, that the lid had been forcibly pressed off by the young woman, who had actually been buried before the vital spark had fled, and who had returned to consciousness, but to die the most horrible of deaths!

☞ The contracts for furnishing copper wire for the various lines of the Magnetic Telegraph, have been secured by Messrs. Stephens & Thomas, of Belleville, N. J. They have already in progress 1,107 miles of telegraph. The wire averages about 17,000 lbs. to a hundred miles; so that these contracts will amount to about 188,190 lbs. copper wire. Messrs. S. & T. have also just entered into a contract for furnishing the "Atlantic, Lake and Mississippi Telegraph Co." which has recently been organized for connecting the Atlantic States and the Mississippi Valley, including the Ohio and Lake country. The copper is furnished principally by the neighboring works of the Messrs. Hendricks & Brothers—the most extensive copper works in the country.

☞ The town of Mauch Chunk has been thrown into a state of excitement by the discovery of a human skeleton under a pile of stones, in a lonely and unfrequented place. The bones are supposed to be those of a pedlar named Seligson, who resided in New York, and mysteriously disappeared in 1829-30. At the time of the occurrence, a tavern keeper at whose house Seligson was last seen, was arrested on suspicion of having murdered him, but was discharged, as no proof could be obtained. His name was Albertson; he is said to have removed since to New York, and what before was but suspicion, is now regarded by the excited inhabitants as a certainty.

☞ It is stated in the Brooklyn Advertiser that C. B. Brower, of that city, has just discovered that he and several others, are heirs to property comprising about half of the city of Burlington, Vermont. The ground on which at least half of that city was built, was purchased by a resident of that city, and grandfather, we believe, to C. B. B. The old gentleman died some time ago, and left this property, (worth now, upward of a million of dollars) to certain of his descendants, who were advertised for in the Vermont papers, which fact only came to the knowledge of the parties interested within a few days past.

☞ The agent of the New York City Colonization Society says that $17,000 had already been subscribed towards the purchase of the only territory not belonging to the American colonists, between Cape Palmas and Cape Mount, a distance along the coast of about 280 miles. In the proposed purchase is included the famous slave-mart of the Gallinas. Only $3,000 more is required to effect this great object. The purchase of this territory, it is supposed, would put an end to the slave trade on that extent of coast.

☞ The trial of the Abolitionists (citizens of Ohio,) who were concerned in abducting slaves from Virginia, came on at Parkersburg, Va., on the 17th ult. The jury found a special verdict, which rested on the question whether the defendants were within the jurisdiction of Virginia at the time of the act, and this is to be settled by the General Court at Richmond. Virginia claims that her jurisdiction extends to the west bank of the Ohio river, and the question is, what is to be regarded as the west bank.

☞ From the opening of navigation in the Canadas, to Tuesday of last week, there had been received from the upper province, 482,673 barrels of flour, 5,208 barrels of beef, 10,900 kegs of butter, 18,519 barrels of ashes, and there have been exported to Great Britain and the lower ports, during the same time, 215,396 barrels of flour, 15,320 barrels of pot ashes, 9,055 of pearl ashes and 8,722 kegs of butter.

☞ The steamship New York, for Galveston, was leaving New Orleans, when a deputy marshal of the City Court jumped on board with a *ca. sa.* for one of the passengers. Steam was up—the boat was loose and soon under way—carrying off the deputy, much to his evident chagrin. To crown the joke, the captain passed the word for gentlemen to walk up to the captain's office and settle for their passage.

☞ The Legislature of Vermont, at its last session, passed a law to abolish the School Fund. All the moneys and securities belonging to the Fund are transferred to the State—so much of it as is necessary is specially appropriated to cancel the indebtedness of the State to the Fund, and the residue of the Fund is placed in the Treasury for the use and benefit of the State.

☞ Wm. J. McDearmon, Deputy Sheriff of Appomatox county, Virginia, was killed on Tuesday last, at Clover Hill, by Coleman C. May, a lawyer, formerly of Staunton. The murder is said to have been committed without provocation, and by stabbing. May fled and had not been arrested. $100 reward is offered for his apprehension.

☞ At the recent sitting of the Ouchita, (La.) District Court, decision was given in the great case of "The heirs of Stephen Girard vs. the City of New Orleans and H. Bry," involving the title of property worth about half a million of dollars. The case was decided in favor of the defendants. An appeal will be taken.

☞ The Directors of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, at Lowell, voted last week to erect a new mill, three hundred and twenty feet long and two hundred wide, five stories high, for the manufacture of Power Loom Carpets. It will contain fifty Brussels and two hundred and fifty Ingrain Looms.

☞ We learn from the Washington (Arkansas) Telegraph, that Wm. Brooks, John Brooks and James Hanners, charged with the murder of old man Pickard and his son, of Ouachita county, in that State, made their escape from the jail in that place, on the morning of the 5th ult.

☞ The Albany Atlas of Friday, states that a gentleman who came on board the South America on the night before at Kingston, had his wallet, containing a draft for $500 on the Kingston Bank, together with $113, taken from a private pocket in his drawers while he was sleeping.

☞ The British Consul, at Boston, has addressed a letter to Capt. Upton, of the ship Gov. Davis, thanking him for his humane conduct in saving, at a great risk, from the wreck of the British ship Glenmerd, the master, officers and crew, in all twenty two persons, of that vessel.

☞ A Teachers' Convention was held at Worcester, Massachusetts, on two days of last week. A State Association was formed. About two hundred teachers, from all parts of the State were present at the meeting, which is said to have been exceedingly interesting.

☞ Mr. Christopher Sewell, of Boston, died a few days since from the effects of smoking segars to an immoderate extent. He had often consumed thirty a day, which pernicious practice brought on so great a debility, that he died from the rupture of a small blood vessel.

☞ The Delaware Express says that when the news of the commutation of their sentence was communicated to them by the officer in charge, Van Steenburgh and O'Connor danced about the room in which they were confined like a couple of madmen.

☞ A committee of the assignees of Myron Van Dusen, of Hudson, offer a reward of $1,500 for the recovery of the sum of $7,000, supposed to have been stolen from Mr. Van Dusen, on his passage to New York, on the 4th of October last.

☞ A large number of five dollar mutilated bank bills are said to be in circulation in Baltimore. It appears that rogues there have been busily engaged in manufacturing seven bills out of six, by means of taking a small piece from each.

☞ A letter from Lockport, New York, states, that on Monday week, a band of men appeared in that town, disguised as Anti-Renters. They marched through several of the streets, fired a piece of cannon, and then marched off.

☞ A woollen factory has just been put up in Richmond, Va. 420 by 45 feet, and four stories high. It is capable of manufacturing 9,000 yards of flannel per week, and working up 210,000 lbs. of wool per annum.

☞ On the 19th ult., there were but sixty ships in port at New Orleans. Seamen are also very scarce. They ask $20 a month for a voyage to Europe, and $25 for the run to Boston, New York, or Philadelphia.

☞ Almon Babbitt, Esq., agent of the Mormons, is said to be at present in Cincinnati, Ohio, treating with Bishop Purcel, for the sale of Nauvoo to the Roman Catholics.

☞ The gale of Saturday week, was severely felt on the little lake at Geneva, N. Y.—two of the boats were beached and several sunk with valuable cargoes.

☞ The Burlington (Iowa) Hawk Eye, states that Mr. James Cameron, a respectable citizen of that place, recently ended his days by committing suicide.

☞ Gov. Stockton, of Delaware, has issued a proclamation fixing the 31st of December as a day of thanksgiving in that State.

☞ The New York Tribune says that the canals of that State were all closed by the cold weather on Friday or the night before.

☞ The people of Sussex County, New Jersey, were on a panther hunt, at the latest accounts.

☞ A 556 pound cheese has been made in Cincinnati, Ohio.

WONDERFUL DOG.

A hard story is that told by the Albany Atlas, of a greyhound in that city, who performs feats almost incredible. He is very fond of raw eggs, and will suck them after the most approved manner. He will take change from his master's pocket, go to market and bring his breakfast; can run a mile in a minute, and jump over a pole fifteen feet high. His affection for the family is remarkable. He will undress the children, and will not be content till he has embraced them before retiring to rest. This is very good; but we have heard of a dog who refused to take a counterfeit dollar in the market. Beat that.

COLLEGE IN TEXAS.

At a late meeting at Victoria, Texas, arrangements were made for the establishment of a College, to be located near Sequin, on the Guadaloupe river. Very liberal donations have been made by the citizens in the vicinity, towards the erection of college buildings, and Rev. Mr. McCullough has been appointed a general agent to solicit funds in aid of the enterprise.

Local Intelligence.

☞ Thursday of last week being Thanksgiving day in this State, the stores and other places of business in our city were very generally closed. All the churches were open, but the day being stormy, the congregations were slim. The consumption of turkeys, geese, &c., is said to have been enormous enough to have done credit to Thanksgiving Day even in old Massachusetts.

☞ A child of Mr. Lemon, at the corner of Tenth and Ogden streets, died on Friday night week, from injuries received by his clothes taking fire. He was on a visit to the house of a relative near by, and as soon as he took fire he ran home, the flight through the street adding to the violence of the flames and the severity of his injuries.

☞ An elegant bracelet has just been made by Messrs. Bailey & Kitchen, of this city, for Mrs. Henry Clay. It consists of a large gold band, with a close cluster of brilliants, of fine quality, eight in number, which can be used either as a pin or ring. It is a gift from several gentlemen of this city.

☞ The new packet ship Wyoming, belonging to the Messrs. Cope, came down to her berth above Walnut street, in beautiful style on Saturday. She is the handsomest as well as the largest merchant vessel ever built at the port of Philadelphia.

☞ Benjamin C. Wilcocks, Esq., formerly consul to China, died on Monday, in this city, aged seventy years. The Chime of Bells, which he recently presented to the congregation of St. Peter's, was tolled at his decease.

☞ Four persons were bound over last week, for selling lottery policies.

☞ Snow fell on Saturday evening to the depth of one or two inches.

Casualties.

☞ The Rev. Thomas Robinson, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, residing in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, near the head of Severn river, met an untimely death on Saturday morning of last week. He was thrown into the water by the upsetting of a small boat, and managed to reach the shore by swimming, but in so exhausted a condition from the intense cold, that he shortly afterwards expired. He was a devoted Christian and an excellent citizen, and was universally beloved in that section of country.

☞ The Norristown Register of the 26th ult., states that Peter Jones, in the employment of Mr. Beard, Treasurer of Montgomery County, was in the act of putting the harness on the horse, for the Treasurer to proceed to Norristown, having removed the blind-halter, the horse started, and striking Mr. Jones, threw him forcibly against a stone wall, and dashing his brains out he died instantly.

☞ The loss of all those on board the schooners Ocean and Polk, on the Upper Lakes, is confirmed. The Milwaukie Gazette says that four residents of that place were lost, Capt. McGregor, Mr. Russell, the mate, Quiner, the second mate, and the cabin boy. Capt. McG. has left a wife and one child. The mate has left a wife and five or six children.

☞ Eight members of the Presbytery of Louisiana, returning in the stage from the late Synod of Mississippi, were overturned, and thrown from a small bridge about fourteen miles from Columbia. Rev. B. Chase had an arm broken, and was severely wounded in the head, but is recovering.

☞ The Paris, Ky. Citizen states that Mr. Manson Hicklin, a young gentleman of high respectability, son-in-law of Mr. W. Alexander, and but recently married, was killed last week, by the accidental discharge of his fowling piece, while he was out in search of game.

☞ A little daughter of Andrew Haas, of Springfield, O., was crushed to death last Sunday week, under the wheel of a large team, passing through that place.

☞ The steamboat Lucy Long was lost on the Ohio River, on the 19th ult., whilst on her way from Cincinnati to Nashville.

Items of News.

☞ The Harrisburg Reporter says that the Magnetic Telegraph intended to operate between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, will be completed in a few days. The posts are all up, and the wire is being rapidly attached.

☞ The "Pilgrim Society, of Plymouth, Mass., have invited the members of the New England Society of New York, to celebrate the "Pilgrim's Day" with them, and the New Yorkers have voted to send a large delegation.

☞ C. M. Reed, of Erie, has purchased the Rathbon property, at Niagara Falls, and intends, we understand, to carry out the original design of Mr. R. in the erection of a spacious hotel.

☞ Maj. Abijah Bush, a revolutionary soldier died at Nassau, Rensselaer county, N. Y., on the 19th ult., at the advanced age of ninety one.

☞ The Canal at Albany is closed.

☞ A gentleman residing near the city of Mobile, raised this year, in his garden, sweet oranges of immense size. One of them measured thirteen inches in circumference, and weighed fifteen and a half ounces, and was of most delicious flavor. They were grown from seed planted in 1836.

☞ Robert Layton, who was sentenced to be hanged for forgery in South Carolina, has had his punishment commuted by the Governor to one month's solitary confinement! The severe law at present existing had better be repealed and a proper punishment awarded to such a crime.

☞ The Chronicles of Connecticut attest the fact, that at one period (not half a century ago) two divorces were granted in that State on the ground that the defendants were habitually afflicted with *cold feet*. Now, even a cold heart will not break the rosy chain of Hymen.

☞ Last year, the Coal trade of Wyoming Valley amounted to 114,900 tons, and it was estimated it would this year reach 150,000 tons. It has already amounted to nearer 200,000 tons, caused, in a great measure, by the numerous new and extensive Iron establishments at Danville.

☞ The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas states that that consummate impostor, Gen. Bratish Eliovitch, is yet in prison at Malta, and has excited much sympathy among the Maltese by his accounts of the land he owns in America, and of wealth derived from other sources.

☞ A Letter from Antwerp, says that the American claimants on the Belgian Government for Damages by fire in the entrepot of Antwerp, will be paid *pro rata* in February, 1846. The whole sum allowed by the Chambers is 8,500,000 francs.

☞ The latest Parisian fashion is for the ladies to dress entirely in blue. Ladies go to the theatre in blue bonnets, blue gloves, blue gowns, blue shawls, blue boots, and in cold weather, blue noses. They are blue all over.

☞ Wages in Quebec are unusually high, in consequence of the demand for workmen to rebuild the burnt districts. Laborers are asking eight Canada shillings, or a dollar and sixty cts. per day.

☞ There is a man, named William Mills, residing near Londonderry, Ireland, hale and hearty, though his age is upwards of a century. He is living happily with his eighth wife.

☞ The Directors of the Grand Opera at Paris, are endeavoring to engage Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," as the Germans call her, at a salary of $20,000 per annum.

☞ Ohio papers say that the Fourier Association in the Ohio river, below Wheeling, has at last yielded up the ghost; and the few remaining members have dispersed.

☞ Mr. Francis Stein, a watchmaker of Charleston, advertises for exhibition a new clock, "intended to run a hundred years with a single winding up."

☞ Paper made from broomcorn is the latest addition to New Jersey manufactures.

Agricultural Items.

☞ A series of experiments have recently proved that the amount of inorganic matter taken up in a crop of wheat, is equal to one pound, to the bushel of grain of sixty-two pounds. It is also proved by the same experiments that the proportionate weight of the wheat and of the ashes when the wheat is consumed, is in an adverse ratio. These facts will prove highly important to the agriculturists as they will govern him in relation to his soil and manures. It would be no less important to determine the relative weight of inorganic matter in other grains and vegetables generally.

☞ Ex-Governor Call has presented to Governor Mosely, of Florida, a specimen of Florida hemp, made from the plant known as the "bear grass." It may be propagated to any extent, and grows to the height of three or four feet. It is said to answer nearly all the purposes of Manilla hemp. "It is destined," says Governor Call, "very soon to become one of the most valuable staples of our country."

☞ The estimated crop of wheat for 1845, is put down at 100,000,000 of bushels. The consumption of the United States will be about 80,000,000 bushels, leaving of the new or present year's crop but 20 or 25,000,000 for exportation. With the surplus of last year we might export 30,000,000 bushels.

☞ The Wabash Courier says that contracts for Hogs were made in that place, on the 22d inst., at $3, $7 25 and $3 50 per hundred weight.

Fires.

☞ On Thursday, the 27th ult., a fire broke out in a tavern on Camden street, Baltimore. The house in which it commenced, as well as the tavern and an adjoining building, the lower story of which was occupied as a barber's shop, were all destroyed. The stables attached to the depot and the car houses were in considerable danger, but were preserved from damage by the exertions of the firemen. The captain of a wood shallop, who was lodging in the tavern where the fire originated, perished in the flames. It was also reported that a merchant had met with a similar fate. The origin of the fire is attributed to carelessness on the part of an individual who had retired in a state of intoxication and neglected to extinguish the light.

☞ A fine barn, belonging to Henry Hemler, Adams County, Pa., was burnt to the ground, together with its contents, on Thursday week. Mr. Hemler, it appears, undertook to shoot a bullock, which he had fattened for beef, in one of the stalls, and before they had time to remove him it was discovered that the entire building was enveloped in flames. It is supposed that the flash from the pan of the gun must have communicated to the hay mow immediately above from where he fired. The whole loss of Mr. Hemler is estimated at 1,200 or $1,500.

☞ An extra from the office of the Rochester Democrat says, that on the 25th a fire broke out in the flour mills at the Lower Falls, which destroyed two mills, two warehouses, and a packing establishment. The mill in which the fire originated had five runs of stone—was owned by Avery & Burke, and occupied by Thomas Parsons. Loss $30,000, two-thirds insured.

Army & Navy.

A Remarkable Passage.—The Portsmouth was at the Sandwich Islands, when last heard from. She sailed from Norfolk, January 25th, in company with the U. S. ship Jamestown, also a new ship, on a trial of speed and qualities, and although somewhat detained by the trial, she crossed the equator in twenty-two days and eight hours, and anchored in Rio Janeiro in thirty-three days. Sailed from Rio March 9th, passed through the straits of Lemaire in twelve days, and arrived at Valparaiso on the twenty-ninth day, or sixty-two sailing days from the United States, being the shortest passage ever made, even direct. From Valparaiso to Callao, seven days; Callao to Hilo, twenty-eight days. Total from the United States to the Sandwich Islands, via Rio, Valparaiso and Callao, ninety-seven days; undoubtedly the shortest passage on record.

More Forts.—An officer has been despatched, the Detroit Advertiser says, to make a survey of the government reservation at the head of St. Clair river, and to fix upon a suitable site for the new fortification there, in the place of the old stockade, known as Fort Gratiot, and to make the necessary estimates.

Legislative.

☞ The Message of the Governor of South Carolina was delivered on the 25th ult. The financial affairs of the State are in good condition. The debt of the State amounts to $3,221,502 54, the interest on which has been punctually paid. The Governor dwells with commendable earnestness upon Education and those important elements of State prosperity and independence, Internal Improvements and Manufactures. He advocates the abolition of the Tariff.

☞ Mr. Calhoun was on Wednesday week elected by the Legislature of South Carolina, a Senator to the Congress of the United States, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Huger.

☞ The Legislatures of Virginia, Alabama, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, all convened on Monday.

☞ The New Jersey Legislature assembles on the 9th inst.

New York City.

☞ A celebrated violinist, and the leader at one of the New York theatres, strolling through Chatham street a few days since, espied in the window of a second-hand shop, a black looking violin, which by some peculiar characteristic he judged to be no common instrument. On asking the price he was told $20, which he immediately paid and secured the prize. The next day, a dealer in instruments offered him $150 for it, and it is said to be worth at least $300. It is by the most celebrated maker, and is unequalled in tone by any in the country.

☞ W. H. Brown, of New York, is building a fourteen hundred ton steamboat, for the People's Line, to be called the "George Washington." She will be three hundred and forty feet long, forty feet beam, seventy-two feet wide on deck, ten and a half feet hold, and will be launched about the 10th of December. She is to be propelled by an engine of 1,500 horse power.

☞ During the storm on Thursday night week, several burglaries were committed in New York—the most important of which was one perpetrated at the store of P. Cole & Co., 689 Broadway, which was broken open and robbed of $5,000 worth of goods. The others were minor affairs.

☞ The Magnetic Telegraph to the Ocean from New York city is finished, and goes immediately into operation. The news is thrown open to the public, without any partiality or favor, for the small sum of twelve dollars a year to each individual.

☞ A New York paper says:—"Great fortunes and great ruin in these excitable times in all sorts of stocks. On Thursday, it is said, one man made $20,000 in one operation—another lost $15,000 in another. People are getting crazy."

☞ After examining four thousand jurors in the Polly Bodine case, and empannelling but eight, Judge Edmonds, last week, discharged the jury, in order that the venue might be removed to another county.

☞ The ground known as the Beacon Course, at Hoboken, is now in possession of Mrs. Browning, widow of the late proprietor, and no fox hunt or horse-racing will in future be allowed by her.

☞ The quantity of flour exported from New York from the 1st to the 25th ult., is 55,551 bbls., of wheat 117,684 bushels, of corn 33,434 do., of rye 20,169 do., and of barley 1,575 do.

☞ The Savings Bank in Chambers street, New York, contains deposits to the amount of $4,000,000. A large proportion of this sum is the property of the working and laboring classes.

☞ Ole Bull, after a visit of two years, gave his last concert in America at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening of last week. The house was densely crowded.

☞ The Poles in New York city celebrated the Revolution of their ill-fated country—in 1830—on the 29th ult., at Stuyvesant Institute.

☞ The case of Burnet, pilot of the Swallow, has been continued till the February term.

☞ The Right Rev. Bishop Hughes sailed for Europe in the Britannia.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS

650 shares	Reading R. R.		59 [illegible]
300	do.	Girard Bank,	9½
130	do.	Harrisburg R. R.	48
100	do.	Wilmington R. R.	24½
25	do.	Mechanics Bank,	24½
1	do.	Northern Liberties Bank,	40
$1000	Texas 8 p ct.		37
$5000	Texas Treasury Notes,		25
$1000	Texas 10 per ct. bds.		39
$1000	do. 8 per ct.		37
$2700	Wil. 6 per ct. 1858,		73½
$10,000	State 5's,		73½
$1000	Reading R. R. bds,		73½
$1650	Texas 10 pr ct., notes,		28½

NEW YORK MARKET, Dec. 1.—Late on Saturday night 10,000 bbls of Genesee flour were sold in one lot (afloat) at $6,87½, to day 1000 bbls were taken in store at $7. Nothing doing in other descriptions on account of the inclemency of the weather. The sales of flour as above have been purely speculative, and part with the privilege of paying 12½c per bbl, not to take the flour if the news per next steamer is unfavorable. 7400 bushels of barley for export were taken at 66c; 1000 bushels of northern corn sold at 80c.

BOSTON MARKET, Nov. 29.—Flour and Meal—Market dull. Genesee is held by some at $1.87½, but it can be bought at less; southern is quiet. Grain—Corn is steady; sales of southern yellow, new, at 85a86c and old at 85a87c, and white at 81a83c. Oats are firm; sales of southern at 46a50c. Rye is in limited demand at 93c per bushel.

MOBILE, Nov 21.—Cotton—Arrival 8924 bales. Exported 491 bales. Stock 36,285; market inactive. Sales of 6,000 bales at 6½a8½c per lb. We quote ordinary and middling at 6½a7c, middling fair and fair 7½a8, and good fair 8½c per lb. Exchange—Sterling bills have declined to 7 per cent prem. Freights have advanced; we quote to Liverpool at 9-16 d. Havre 1½c per lb for cotton.

PORK PACKING IN THE WEST.—The Louisville Journal of the 26th ult says: "The weather for the last three days has been cool, and from 10,000 to 12,000 hogs have been killed. There is a large number of hogs in the neighborhood, and killing and packing will go on briskly as long as the cool weather continues. The price is $3,75 per 100 lbs."

CHARLESTON, Nov. 26.—Cotton—Prices have receded ⅛ cent. per lb. Sales of 1581 bales at 6½a8c. Rice—Market inactive and prices ⅛ ct lower. Sales of 1800 tierces at $3a3½ per 100 lbs.

ALEXANDRIA, Nov 29.—Flour—Market dull. Sales of 500 bbls at $6,12½. Grain—Wheat has declined 3a4c per bus. Sales at $1,25a1,28 for good prime red. Sales of white corn at 72c.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Nov. 27.—Naval Stores—Sales of 5000 bbls turpentine at $3 (?) $3.75. Tar sold at $1.80 per bbl. Rice is held at $4,50 (?) 4,75 per 100 lbs.

Inflammation of the Eyes, like all other inflammation, is caused by impurity of the blood. The *Indian Vegetable Pills* will be found a *certain cure* for the above painful malady, because they purge from the body those corrupt and stagnant humors which are the cause not only of inflammation of the eyes, but of every description of disease. From three to six of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time completely rid the body of every thing that is opposed to health; and therefore will most assuredly make a *perfect cure* of *inflammation of the eyes*, and at the same time the blood and other fluids will be of such a healthy quality, that disease of any kind will be absolutely impossible.

It should also be remembered that a man by the name of Wm. M. Spear, who sells medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, at the corner of Race and Front streets, is not an agent of mine, neither can I guarantee as genuine any that he has for sale.

The public are also informed that medicine purporting to be improved Indian Pills made by one G. R. Smith and sold about the country by different persons, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from authorized agents only, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia, or at the offices, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 288 Greenwich street, New York. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

WE HAVE BEEN INFORMED BY MRS. Rose, of a cure performed on her by Doctor JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, which proves its superiority over every other remedy of the kind. She has been afflicted for the last sixteen years with Necrosis or White Swellings, attended with ulcerations and exfoliation of various bones, during which time many pieces have been discharged from the frontal bone of the cranium, from both her arms, wrists and hands, and from both legs, and from the left femoral bone, and from the right knee, besides painful ulcers on other parts of her person which have baffled the skill of a number of the most eminent physicians of our city—during most of the time her sufferings have been most excruciating and deplorable. About three months since she was induced to try Doctor JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, which has had an astonishingly happy effect upon her, by removing all pain and swellings, and causing the ulcers to heal, while at the same time her general health has become completely restored, so that she now weighs some 25 lbs. more than she did before she commenced the use of this truly valuable preparation.—*Native Eagle.* Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d street, Phila. dec 6-3t

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE SUBscriber are requested to pay off before the first of January, 1846, to the subscriber or his authorized agent H. C. EYER, Esq. Selinsgrove, Union county, Pa. Decatur, Macon Co., Illinois, Nov. 1845. JOHN EKEL. dec 6-3t*

APPLETON'S BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN'S PRESENTS FOR 1846.

The attention of parents and others is particularly requested to the following beautiful books for children, published by GEO. S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

They are all selected with the utmost care, none of the stories being without their point or moral; they are all different from the usual run of juvenile books both in their appearance and matter, and parents can safely put them into their childrens' hands, the great object being not only to amuse, but to instruct and improve their mind and heart.

Each work is illustrated with numerous engravings and handsomely bound in muslin extra and adorned at the very lowest possible price, in fact, they are the cheapest as well as handsomest books for children that are published. They form a regular and gradual scale, the first books in the list being for children who have mastered the alphabet, and the succeeding ones gradually increasing in difficulty, and some adapted for older minds.

I. Very Little Tales for Very Little Children, in words of single syllables, of not over three or four letters. [illegible]

II. Little Lessons for Little Learners, in words of single syllables, by Mrs. Barwell, square 16mo.

III. The Child's Own Story Book, or Tales and Dialogues for the Nursery, by Mrs. Jerram, square 16mo.

IV. Rhymes for the Nursery, by Jane Taylor.

V. Lucy and Arthur, a book for children.

VI. Think before you Act, by Mrs. Sherwood.

VII. Duty is Safety, or, Troublesome Tom, by Mrs. Sherwood, square 16mo.

VIII. Jack the Sailor Boy, by Mrs. Sherwood.

IX. Clever Stories for Clever Boys and Girls, by Mrs. Sherwood, containing the above three books.

X. The Child's Delight, a Present for young people. Edited by a lady. [illegible]

XI. The Life and Perambulations of a Mouse, by a lady. small 4to.

XII. Holyday Tales, or Pleasing Stories for the Young, square 16mo.

XIII. Clara's Amusements, by Mrs. Anna Bache.

XIV. The Prose Story Book of New Fairy Tales and Legends.

XV. The Blossoms of Morality, for the instruction and amusement of young people, 18mo.

XVI. Moral Tales, by Maria Edgeworth, 2 vols. 18mo. or the whole bound in one.

Persons purchasing Presents for children will please ask for the Juvenile Books—published by APPLETON, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC

Dec. 1845.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
6 Saturday,	7 21	4 30	8 2	
7 Sunday	7 22	4 30	9 16	
8 Monday	7 22	4 38	10 30	
9 Tuesday,	7 23	4 37	11 39	
10 Wednesday,	7 [illegible]	4 37	morn	First 5 9 51
11 Thursday,	7 23	4 37	10 25	Full 13 1 49
12 Friday,	7 24	4 36	1 9	Last 21 [illegible]
13 Saturday,	7 24	4 36	1 47	New 28 6 51

Married,

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. John McDowell, George R. Snyder, to Elizabeth R. Morton, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Mr. Isaac J. Cadwallader, to Miss Althea L. daughter of L. F. Livingston, Esq. all of this city.

At St. John's church, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. E. J. Searle, James Dougherty, to Susan, daughter of Francis Kilpatrick, Esq. both of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. Henry H. Watkins, to Miss Ann Massey, both of Southwark.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. George Stapeler, to Miss Ann E. Wareham, all of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. Daniel Haines, to Miss Anna E. Carr, both of Phila. county.

On the 26th ultimo, by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. William Jones, to Miss Naomi P. Wood, both of Del. county.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. James Booth, to Miss Rachel A. Bushnell, both of Del. county.

By the Rev. Mr. Searle, in St. John's Church, on the 20th ult. Mr. Bernard Campbell to Miss Mary Jamison, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Samuel Fox, of Ohio, to Miss Mary A. Hendry, of this city.

At Burlington, N. J. on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Jos. Ashbrook, Lewis L. Nottage, of the city of Philada. to Mary Leach, of the same place.

On the 30th ultimo, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Isaac Gray, to Rebecca Farmer.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. B. H. Grosvenor, Mr. John McKee, of Washington, D. C. to Miss Emeline youngest daughter of Jas. Prosser, of this city.

Died,

On the 1st instant, Benj. C. Wilcocks, aged 69 years and 11 months.

On the 1st inst. Thomas S. infant son of Albert G. and Emilie S. Waterman.

On the 30th ult. Ann Reece, relict of the late Enos Reece, of Delaware county.

On the 29th ult. in the 87th year of her age, Mrs. Martha Probasco.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Rebecca Orwine, in the 77th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 30th ult. George Mark, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. Mary Barefield, aged 62 years.

On the 29th ult. Miss Elizabeth C. Kelly, in the 19th year of her age.

On the 30th ult. John Halzell, in the 77th year of his age.

On the 28th ultimo, Christianna Bowman, in the 22d year of her age.

On the 29th ult. in the 18th year of his age, Henry L. son of the late Henry Caten.

Suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 30th of 11th mo., Joseph Ridgway, aged 64 years.

On the 30th ult. William O'Brien, in the 25th year of his age.

[illegible]

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT, [illegible]

KID GLOVES CLEANED.—C. EYRE & Co. [illegible]

FIVE COPIES SENT FOR FIVE DOLLARS! THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE IN THE UNITED STATES. FORTY-EIGHT LARGE OCTAVO PAGES, AND FIFTEEN ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NO.—PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH. NEW VOLUME—JANUARY 1846. ROBERT SEARS, [illegible]

NEW PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE. [illegible] ONLY ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF PER ANNUM. [illegible]

GREAT INDUCEMENT TO SUBSCRIBE. [illegible] PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. [illegible]

TO PHYSICIANS AND INVALIDS. ELECTRO MAGNETIC APPARATUS, [illegible]

A FACT WORTH KNOWING. [illegible]

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST [illegible]

UMBRELLAS CHEAP. SLEEPER & FENNER, MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS AND SUN SHADES. [illegible]

[illegible] S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL, [illegible]

Original Poetry.

AEOLIAN MELODY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM RUSSELL, Jr.

I.

My own gentle stream,
Whose murmurs are breaking
Along the soft air,
Old mem'ries awaking!
I stand by thy green brink, I stood here in yore,
But, once who was with me will stand here no more;
In youth's sunny hour 'neath the willow's green bough
I braided a chaplet to twine on her brow;—
A tear dimm'd her eye as I whisper'd "farewell,"
And hence'd away in strange lands to dwell.

II.

My own gentle stream,
Whose murmurs are breaking
Along the soft air,
Old mem'ries awaking!
The heart that was gay as the summer bird's song
Now, blighted, beats coldly, thy green brink along,
For no lov'd one is here—where yon dark ivy creeps
O'er the grave, 'neath the willow, Eloise sleeps;—
There's a flame in my brain—the past seems a dream—
Adieu thee forever, my own gentle stream!
Germantown.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.
NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

MUNICH—ITS SITUATION AND PRESENT STATE—THE LUDWIGSTRASSE—DUKE OF LEUCHTENBURG'S GALLERY—MONUMENT TO EUGENE BEAUHARNOIS

Munich, June 12, 1845.

I thought I had seen everything in Vienna that could excite admiration or gratify fancy; but here I have all my former sensations to live over again, in an augmented degree. It is well I was at first somewhat prepared by our previous travel, otherwise the glare and splendor of wealth and art in this German Athens might have blinded me to the beauties of the cities we shall yet visit. I have been walking in a dream where the fairy tales of boyhood were again realized, and the golden and jewelled halls of the Eastern genii rose glittering around me—"a vision of the brain no more." All I had conceived of oriental magnificence, all descriptions of the splendor of kingly halls and palaces, fell far short of what I have here seen. Where shall I begin to describe the crowd of splendid edifices that fill its streets, or how give an idea of the profusion of paintings and statues—of marble, jasper and gold!

Art has done everything for Munich. It lies on a large, flat plain, sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and continually exposed to the cold winds from the Alps. At the beginning of the present century it was but a third-rate city, and was rarely visited by foreigners. Since that time its population and limits have been doubled, and magnificent edifices in every style of architecture erected, rendering it scarcely secondary in this respect to any capital in Europe. Every art that wealth or taste could devise, seems to have been spent in its decoration. Broad, specious streets and squares have been laid out, churches, halls and colleges erected, and schools of painting and sculpture established, which draw artists from all parts of the world. All this has been principally brought about by the taste of the present king, Ludwig I., who began twenty or thirty years ago, when he was Crown Prince, to collect the best German artists around him, and form plans for the execution of his grand design. He can boast of having done more for the arts than any other living monarch, and if he had accomplished it all without oppressing his people, he deserved an immortality of fame. I have heard so many different reports on this latter point, that I can, as yet, form no opinion about it. Some say the people have to pay enormous taxes to support the immense works which are still going on, while others declare that the king has done a great deal out of his own private purse. The people of Munich, at any rate, take great pride in the newly-acquired fame of their city, and mention the king with the greatest esteem and admiration as the originator of it all.

On entering by the Salzburg road we passed first through the old part of the city, but after crossing the Isar, the new gate lately built was a herald to the many wonders we were to see. The two heavy, octagonal towers, which formerly stood without the old gate, have been united by a triple arched wall, which bears just below the cornice, a fresco painting extending its whole length, representing the triumphal entry of Duke Ludwig, of Bavaria through the same gate, after the battle of Ampfing in the year 1322, and tablets around the towers contain the arms of the cities whose soldiers fought in the battle. We had gone some distance into the city, and being tired with the long walk, were looking around for an inn, when a young man addressed us, and on learning what we sought, very politely offered to conduct us to one. On the way he spoke rapturously of the delight that was in store for us, and regretted that he could not, for his own pleasure, go around the city with us to witness it. He actually took us some distance out of the road before we were aware of it, that we might get a glimpse of the Theatre Square and the celebrated Ludwigstrasse in the growing twilight. The partial view we got, drove us off early this morning to ramble around the city, and see more fully the splendor he described in such glowing language.

Now, if you have nothing else to do, let us take a stroll down the Ludwigstrasse. As we pass the Theatiner Church, with its dome and towers, the broad street opens before us, stretching away to the north, between rows of magnificent buildings. Just at this southern end, is the *Schlosshalle*, an open temple of white marble, made as a proper termination of the splendid avenue. It is richly ornamented with beautiful and delicate sculpture, and the bronze statues of Tilly and Wrede, both Bavarian generals, stand under the two arches. To the right of us extend the arcades, with the trees of the Royal Garden peeping above them, and, further along, the Bazaar; on the left is the spacious concert building of the Odeon, and the palace of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Eugene Beauharnois. But as these all deserve a special visit, we will continue farther. Passing through a row of palace-like private buildings, we come to the Army Department, on the right—a very neat and tasteful building of white sandstone, in half Byzantine style. Beside it stands the Library, and this is the first special claim on our admiration. With its splendid front of five hundred and eighteen feet, the yellowish brown cement with which the body is covered, making an agreeable contrast with the dark red window-arches and cornices, and the statues of Homer, Hippocrates, Thucydides and Aristotle guarding the portal, is it not a worthy receptacle for the treasures of ancient and modern lore which its halls contain? The Library is only exceeded in size, by that of Paris. It contains eight hundred thousand volumes, besides a large number of manuscripts, among which are copies of the gospel in Latin, made in the fifth and sixth centuries.

Nearly opposite stands the Institute for the Blind, a plain but large building of dark red brick, covered with cement, and further on the same side as the Library, the Ludwig's Kirche, or Church of St. Louis. How lightly the two square towers of grey marble lift their network of sculpture! And what a novel and beautiful effect is produced by uniting the Byzantine style of architecture to the form of the Latin cross! Over the arched portal stands the marble statues by Schwanthaler, and the roof of brilliant tiles worked into mosaic, looks like a rich Turkey carpet covering the whole. But we must enter to get an idea of the splendor of this church. Instead of the pointed arch which one would almost expect to see meeting above his head, the lofty pillars on each side bear an unbroken semicircular arch, which is painted a brilliant blue, and covered with silver stars. These pillars, and the little arches above which spring from them, are painted in an arabesque style with gold and brilliant colors, and each side chapel is a perfect casket of richness and elegance. The windows are of silvered glass, through which the light glimmers softly on the splendor within. The whole end of the church behind the high altar, is taken up with Cornelius's celebrated fresco painting of the "Last Judgment,"—the largest painting in the world, and the circular dome in the center of the cross contains groups of martyrs, prophets, saints and kings, painted in fresco on a ground of gold. The work of Cornelius has been greatly praised for sublimity of design and beauty of execution, by many acknowledged judges. I was, however, quite disappointed in it, but the fault lay most probably in me and not in the painting. The richness and elegance of the church took me all "aback;" it was so entirely different from anything I had ever seen, that it was difficult to decide whether I was most charmed by its novelty or its beauty. Still, as a building designed to excite feelings of worship, it seems to me inappropriate. A vast, dim Cathedral would be far preferable; the devout, humble heart would not feel at home amid such glare and brightness.

As we leave the church and walk farther on, the street expands suddenly into a broad square, that again takes us by surprise. One side is formed by the new University building, and the other by the Royal Seminary, both displaying in their architecture new forms of the graceful Byzantine school, which the architects of Munich have adopted in a striking manner to so many varied purposes. On each side stands a splendid colossal fountain of bronze throwing up a great mass of water, which falls in a triple cataract to the marble basin below. The University is built of light grey stone; it is attended at present by about fifteen hundred students. A short distance beyond this square the Ludwigstrasse terminates. It is said the end will be closed by a magnificent gate, on a style to correspond with the unequalled avenue to which it will give you entrance. To one standing at the southern end, it would form a proper termination to the grand vista. Now, before we leave, turn around and glance back, down this street which extends for half a mile between such buildings as we have just been viewing, and tell me if it is not something for a city and a king to boast of, to have created all this within less than twenty years!

We went this morning to see the collection of paintings formerly belonging to Eugene Beauharnois, who was brother-in-law to the present king of Bavaria, in the palace of his son, the Duke of Leuchtenberg. It only occupies two halls, but every picture is a gem. It has been formed with the greatest taste, and, it is also said, at an immense cost. The first hall contains principally works by French artists, among which are two by Gerard,—a beautiful portrait of Josephine and the blind Belisarius carrying his dead companion. The boy's head lays on the old man's shoulder, and but for the livid paleness of his limbs, he would seem to be only asleep, while the deepest sorrow marks the venerable features of the unfortunate Emperor. There is a portrait of Napoleon as king of Italy, by Appiani; stern and sublime, with the laurel crown on his brow, I would wish no better ideal of Julius Cæsar. In the same hall stood a table out of his dining room at Malmaison. It is said there is a room in the palace filled with mementos of him, but it is rarely exhibited to strangers.

On entering the second hall, I was struck by an old Italian painting, representing a lady of about forty years of age. She was simply and neatly dressed, but there was a paleness in her features and a fire in her dark eye, that, combined with her lofty intellectual brow, gave token of the soul that burned within. Her lips were slightly compressed, as if by mental suffering, and she held in her hand a book of Italian poetry. It was Laura, Petrarch's love! She looked every way worthy to have inspired the poet of the middle ages with the passion which has immortalized them both. Besides the portrait of a cardinal, by Raphael, a fine picture and well preserved, there was one of Murillo's glorious Madonnas, that, like a shrine, drew a crowd of worshippers around it. I admired very much a sunset scene by Salvator Rosa, and Vandyke's sweet picture of the children of Charles I.

In the middle of the room are six pieces of statuary, among which Canova's world-renowned group of the Graces at once attracts the eye. Nothing can exceed the exquisite beauty of the three figures, whose lovely countenances seem to glow with affection as they clasp one another in a sisterly embrace. There is also a kneeling Magdalen, lovely in her woe, by the same sculptor, and a very touching work of Schadow, representing a shepherd boy tenderly binding his sash around a lamb which he had accidentally wounded with his arrow. One almost expects to hear the little animal bleating in pain, as its head is stretched up towards the boy's sorrowful face.

We have since seen in the St. Michael's Church, the monument to Eugene Beauharnois, from the chisel of Thorwaldsen. The noble, manly figure of the son of Josephine, is represented in the Roman mantle, with his helmet and sword lying on the ground by him. On one side sits History, writing on a tablet, and on the other stand the two brother-angels of Death and Immortality. They lean lovingly together with arms around each other, but the sweet countenance of Death has a soft cast of sorrow, as he stands with inverted torch and a wreath of poppies among his clustering locks. Immortality, crowned with a wreath of never-fading flowers, looks upwards with a smile of triumph, and holds in one hand his blazing torch. It is a very beautiful idea, and Thorwaldsen has made the marble eloquent with feeling. The inscription below states that it was erected by his mourning widow, Amelia Augusta, Princess of Bavaria. St. Michael's Church is remarkable for the broad span of its arched ceiling, which is entirely unsupported by pillars. It was built in 1569, by Wolfgang Muller, a celebrated old German architect.

J. B. T.

Bowl of Punch.

PUNCH'S CODE FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

The Chinese have a custom of reducing good and bad actions to a scale of rewards and punishments. We think a similar plan of prizes and penalties would answer equally well in England. With this conviction we have drawn out the following code for the use of English families, and we strongly advise the *Mr.* and *Mrs. Caudles* of England to have it framed and hung in every room of their house, that it may always be easy of reference. Should it become the law of the land, it will have the good effect of making married people settle their quarrels at home; for under our code, sentence once passed there is no appeal, not even to one's mother-in-law. In the framing of the laws we have been assisted by a Committee of Widows and Widowers, in order that no undue partiality should be shown on either side. It has since undergone the revision of a magistrate, who has had twenty years adjudication of matrimonial *fracas*, and may accordingly be pronounced perfect:—

Husband's Offence. (For each offence)	*Wife's Punishment.*
If he brings a friend home, when there is nothing but cold meat for dinner.	Have a dreadful headache, eat nothing, and be extremely deaf when spoken to.
If he smoke a cigar at home.	A dreadful fit of coughing, and leave the door wide open every time you go out.
If he uses the bright poker in stirring the fire.	Nothing less than a fainting fit.
If he will not go out of town at the proper season.	Have all the carpets taken up, the plate put away, the shutters closed and every room in the house locked but the bed-room on the second-pair back. If this is not strong enough, fall ill, and be recommended by your medical man the sea air.
If he complains of extravagance in the housekeeping.	Cut off the soups, puddings and pies, taking care to say you cannot afford them.
If he dabbles in railway shares.	Constant curtain lecturing, and reproaches for ruining his family.
If the husband contradicts the wife in public.	Unlimited hysterics.
If ditto in private.	A retreat to your bedroom, and a dreadful headache that will not allow you to come down to dinner.
If he comes home late.	Sit up in curl-papers for him, and complain every five minutes of being dead.
If he stops at home all day.	A family washing.
Husband's Merit.	*Wife's Reward.*
A birth-day present of a pair of diamond earrings, or a box at the Opera.	A pair of braces, or slippers embroidered with beads, pancakes for dinner, and oysters for supper.
If he walks out with you.	Devote the entire day to shopping in buying gloves, handkerchiefs, comforters for him; and if, in return, he should force upon you a Cashmere shawl you have casually admired, oblige him by all means, and accept it.

PUNCH'S REMEDY FOR DISEASED POTATOES.—We understand that several of the potatoes are suffering from black eyes which particularly affect the champions, probably from their being more pugnacious than those of a different kidney. We understand that some of the farmers having tried every other effort, have lately resorted to Grimstone's Eye Snuff, which they have dug in as a manure in large quantities, where bad eyes have been prevalent in the potato crop. We have seen one or two testimonials from influential members of the Murphy family, speaking in the highest terms of the snuff, and ordering more of it. We give the following, in justice to Mr. Grimstone, to whom it was addressed:

"Sir—I was taken at the beginning of last month with very bad eyes, which became completely black, and I was given up as lost, when by accident a friend let fall what I afterwards found to be a box of your invaluable eye-snuff. Now, sir, suffering as I was from my bad eyes, I was glad of any remedy at a pinch, and I thought your snuff was not to be sneezed at. For some time I felt no relief, but in about a week I became so much better, that I am now out of my bed, and hope soon to be presentable at the dinner table. The cook, I am afraid, has a design upon me, for I have seen her scraping an acquaintance. It will be my turn next; so I remain, while I can,

'Yours, very truly,
'A TATER.'"

THE WORLD—AS IT IS.

The world is not so bad a world,
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.
For if we scold and fret all day,
From dewy morn till even,
This world will ne'er afford to man
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth's as good a world,
As e'er was known to any
Who have not seen another yet,
And those are very many;
And if the men and women too,
Have plenty of employment,
Those surely must be hard to please
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a pleasant world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live,
In harmony together;
Nor cease to burst the kindly bond
By love and peace cemented,
And learn that best of lessons yet,
To always be contended.

Then were the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it,
The day would pass most pleasantly
To those who thus begin it.
And all the nameless grievances
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles!

Ladies' Boudoir.

THE SCENT OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS JAMES GRAY

The scent of flowers! However fair
Their lovely hues may be,
The fragrance breathing in the air
Is dearer still to me.
Catch but the violet's dear perfume,
And straitway it will bring
The image bright of every bloom
That fills the path of Spring.

Or put the mossy veil apart
That doth the bud enclose,
And drink into your very heart
The perfume of the rose.
Bright skies, pure sunshine, and the gleams
Of waving fields beneath—
In its rich hue it brings these dreams,
And summer in its breath.

The tulip's dyes are rich and proud,
The dahlia's blossom bright;
But round them floats no viewless cloud—
They are but for the sight.
They want the charm of potent sway
That beautifies the whole,
Their colored leaves are giants gay,
The scent's a very soul.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The trade in these shawls has much diminished, owing to the diminished resources of the Persians, Asmanlis and Memlooks, formerly the wealthy purchasers of those elegant articles. Cashmere itself is a kingdom in decay from the decreased value of her manufactures and the loss of her Mogul patronage, which, when sustained, kept 40,000 looms constantly at work. At the present time there are less than [illegible] looms at work—an immense deterioration. The charge for completing a pair of shawls is calculated to be nearly as follows: for the labor of twenty-four weavers during twelve months, £80; for wool and dyeing materials, £30; duty, £20; for the current expenses of the establishment, £20—total, £300. Far more costly fabrics, however, are occasionally brought into the market, some being valued as high as £700. The wool used in the manufacture of the shawl is of two kinds, one called *pashm shal*, (or shawl wool,) and obtained from the tame goat; the other, the fleece of the wild goat, wild sheep, and other animals, named *asalitus*. In all instances it is a fine down, growing close to the skin, under the common coat, and is found not only on the animals just mentioned, but also on the yak, or granting ox, and on the dog of the intensely cold and arid rocks of Tibet. About a third of the quantity used is dark colored, and the price of this is little more than one-half that of white, in consequence of the latter being better suited for dyeing.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

On at moon-light's dreary hour,
Where the silvery ripples shine,
Mark a lovely little flower,
Be that lovely flowret thine.
Mild as heaven's own blue it beameth,
Like a clear and cloudless sky;
Image of true love, it seemeth
To the heart sweet words to say.
And me thinks, its blue eyes glisten
Full of love and tender thought,
While from far it whispers—listen!
Oh! forget—*Forget-me-not.*

Choice Selections.

DON'T KNOW THE PERSON.

The late Judge Story used to tell the following anecdote of himself:—

"When I came here, to Cambridge," said he, "to occupy the station I now hold, my friends thought proper to greet me with a public dinner, which was served up with a good deal of parade in a large room adjoining the post office; where there was, as is not uncommon on such occasions, a good deal of noise, and a good while continued. I supposed it probable, that there was not a man, woman or child, in this small village who did not know of this merry-making, and the occasion of it, particularly as I had occupied a seat upon the Bench in Boston for sixteen years previously, and passed sentences of death and imprisonment upon numerous convicts. The bustle and noise of the dinner being over, and having for about two months pursued my avocation as lecturer on law in this place, I had occasion one day to call at the post office and inquire for letters for Judge Story. 'Judge who?' inquired the postmaster. 'Judge Story,' I replied with some emphasis. 'Judge Story! Judge Story?' reiterated the postmaster, 'who is Judge Story? I never heard of him before!'

"Not long afterwards," he continued, "it happened, that, on my way to Boston, one day on foot, I had occasion to use the sum of fifty dollars at the intervening village of Cambridgeport, and stepping into the Bank there, I inquired of the Cashier whether he would pay my check for that amount on a Bank in Boston. He looked somewhat surprised, hesitated, surveyed my person, and stretching himself forward over the counter, looked particularly sharp at my feet. Finding he did not know me, I gave him my name, when, after a few minutes conversation, as if to assure himself of my identity, he agreed to pay me the money. After he had done so, I asked him why he hesitated, and particularly why he thought it necessary to take such a search look at my feet. He said he did not know me, and his object was to satisfy himself whether it was probable, from my personal appearance, that I was good for fifty dollars; and he thought the best evidence would be afforded by the kind of boots I wore, which, unfortunately, on that occasion, were not such as to recommend me to his confidence."—*Mississippi Free Trader.*

☞ It is one of the most common errors of mankind to think that the possession of something which they cannot attain would greatly increase their happiness.

FRANKLIN'S MAXIMS.

The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and happier man:—

Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.

Speak nothing but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Let all things have their own places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolve to perform whatever you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Make no expense, but do good to others and yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary action.

☞ The plate deposited in what is called the "Golden Cupboard," in Windsor Castle, is valued at ninety millions of dollars. A writer in the New York Courier, who notes this fact, mentions that among other "fancy goods," is the head of a lion of the size of life, made of solid gold, the eyes of which are of some precious stone, the teeth of very large crystals; also, a peacock, composed entirely of diamonds and other precious stones. These two pieces were taken from Tippoo Saib at Seringapatam, and only form a very small portion of the riches stolen at that time by the English.

WONDERS OF THE EYE.—The eye has five tunics to guard it against danger. The first is like a spider's web; the second is like a net; the third is like a berry; the fourth is like a horn; and the fifth is the cover or lid of the eye. Here is guard upon guard, resembling the various ways Providence hath to secure us from harm.

Sketches of Life.

VINTAGE IN FRANCE.

In Burgundy, as elsewhere, the day for the opening of the vintage is fixed by a municipal proclamation, which is published in handbills and distributed through the villages by the sound of the drum. No one is permitted to begin his vintage before this period; the general interest, in this case, gives the law to private interest. The eve of the day fixed upon, the little town of Tonnerre witnessed the arrival of an innumerable crowd of men and women of all ages, coming from the neighboring towns as well as from those more distant, (they sometimes come ten or fifteen leagues,) to exercise their trade of vintagers and *basket-carriers*. The only tools of the former consist of a flat basket with curved rims, which they carry under the arm or hold by the handle, and a small pruning-hook or knife, with a wooden haft and crooked blade, to cut the bunches of grapes. The basket-carriers, or scuttlers, as they are commonly called, are sturdy young men, with a scuttle, or basket, in the form of a cone, slung upon the back with leather straps; the vintagers empty their baskets of grapes into those of the scuttlers, who, in their turn, empty theirs into a vat, or large hogshead, with a single bottom fastened upon wheels. Girls almost monopolize the trade of vintagers. They are preferred to young men, because they are more attentive and receive less wages. Their costume generally consists of a colored handkerchief, or *marmotte*, which they wear after the manner of the West India mulattresses, wooden shoes, woollen stockings, and a very short fustian petticoat: if the latter were longer, it would draggle in the wet ground when they stopped to cut the grapes. To these two species of the class of vintagers must be added the carters, who hire themselves, their vats, their wheels, and their horses, to transport the produce of the vineyard to the press in town.

A real colony had arrived at Tonnerre, a colony so numerous that all the taverns in the little town would not have sufficed to lodge them. But it is not in taverns that this cohort of natives seek an asylum, at least it is not in the chambers of the taverns, but in their stable and barns, where, for two sous a night, they are furnished with straw *ad libitum*. With this straw they make a bed for themselves, or rather a litter, upon which they all bundle together; the men on one side, the women on the other. The mischievous wags of the town rarely suffer the vintagers to pass their short nights in repose. No trick can be imagined which they do not play them. Sometimes they are roused by the cry of fire, sometimes cold water is squirted over them by means of enormous syringes, sometimes a cat or a live rat is thrown among them. The latter always produces a tremendous uproar. But when the clock strikes three, the whole of this ant-hill suddenly spring to their feet, and shaking themselves like a flock of ducks coming out of the water, their simple toilet is done. Every one repairs to the great square, which soon resounds with an infernal concert of songs and cries of all sorts. The inhabitants of the neighborhood, who have no vineyards to call their attention, draw the bedclothes around their heads and curse the noise, while those who have grapes to gather dress themselves in haste and go down to the square, with the cotton nightcaps on their heads and lanterns in their hands, to make their bargain with such of the vintagers, basketers, and carters as they may want. The common price of the day's work varies from ten to twenty sous for the first, and from one and a half to two francs for the second. It is to gain this wretched sum, that parents suffer their young daughters to travel on foot for several leagues, braving cold, privations of every sort, and many perils besides. But it is not on that account the less a fete for all the lads and lasses of the villages; it is a labor in common, mingled with many incidents that serve to enliven and render it attractive, and the country people never absent themselves from the annual harvest of the vine.

As soon as they are engaged by a proprietor, the vintagers of both sexes repair to his house, and there, in the kitchen, they have a breakfast composed of a mutton or a veal stew, buns, potatoes, or peas; the whole washed down with that light thin wine from which the English derive the name of *Claret*, (clairet,) given by them to the red wine of France. While the vintagers are at breakfast, the sportsmen, if there happen to be any in the house, put on their hunting dress, get their guns ready, and let loose their dogs, which run about in every direction, skipping and yelping with joy. The signal is given, the stirrup-cup is drunk, the vintagers take up their baskets, the *scuttlers* strap on their scuttles, and the troop puts itself in motion. It is composed generally of from ten to a hundred, and sometimes as many as three hundred persons, who walk arm in arm. Arrived at the vineyard, the carter, with his enormous vat, stops on the outside, while every vintager has his section of the vineyard is put between two of the trellises, and then the work begins. The grapes fall into the baskets as if by enchantment; if there are any small children among the workers, they follow as a rear-guard to *glean*, that is, to gather the bunches that have been overlooked and pick up the grapes that may have fallen on the ground. A manager or overseer follows the work every where with his eye, urging on the slow, and restraining those who are too rapid to do their work well. The scuttlers, as running porters, are constantly going and coming between the vat and the vintagers. In the mean time, the sportsmen have taken their station on the summit of the hill, and there wait for the game which is roused by the laborers. Shots resound on all sides, the barking of dogs answer, and at every explosion the vintagers stop their work to look up and ascertain whether the shot has been lucky or unlucky. In the first case they give a shout of applause; in the latter they laugh at the awkward sportsmen.

At noon a repast, consisting only of grapes, bread, and cheese, is made upon the grass. At this every one has his *bon mot* ready, and tells his little story. Lovers slap each other with no very light blows upon the shoulders, push each other with elbow or knee, and pinch one another till they cry out. These are the three principal signs among these country lovers—the three principal articles in their code of gallantry. When evening comes, the band return to town in the order in which they left it, and repair again to the house of the proprietor, who distributes to each one his ten or twelve sous and a small loaf, nothing more. With that the vintager sups as he wishes, or rather as he can. Generally, however, from economy, he goes to bed, upon the principle that "he who sleeps dines." This proverb could never have been invented by a restaurateur.

Burgundy, during the season of the vintage, affords one of the most picturesque scenes that can be imagined. Every hill is covered with a moving, motley population. The echoes send back their shouts. All nature seems to enjoy a holyday. The game alone finds it a season of tribulation. Surrounded on all sides, it wanders here and there, like an exile driven from the domestic hearth. It is to the thrush, particularly, that the vintages are fatal. That species of bird, the flesh of which is so delicious as that of the ortolan, is fond of vineyards, for it prefers grapes to all other food. It eats them in such quantities that it becomes as fat as a quail, and as drunk as—a thrush. The saying is proverbial. But, though they are great drunkards, they ought not to be killed when they cannot stand up; the poor little birds lose their senses entirely, and know not whither to fly. Sometimes they are caught by the hand.

But now that the grapes are gathered and the vintage over, let us see what remains to be done to obtain the wine. If the grapes are of the white kind, and intended for white wine, they are carried immediately to the press-house. Thus are called the vast barns in which is fixed a sort of *press* composed of immense beams, which are lowered or raised by means of a screw moved by a wheel which is turned by ten or twelve persons. Between the upper and lower beams are fixed two wide tables or platforms, on the lower of which the grapes are placed, and as the beam descends these are crushed and the juice flows into a basin. From thence it is poured into scuttles by means of large buckets, and the scuttlers empty it into the casks prepared for it. The residuum of the grapes thus pressed is called lees. The lees become so compact from the pressure, that they are obliged to cut them with an axe. After two or three pressings they are sold to the distiller, who makes from them that peculiar kind of brandy which the soldiers, in their emphatic language, call *sacre chien*.

The grapes intended for red wine are put into an enormous vat, where they are left to ferment for a week, for it is by fermentation that the juice of the grape, naturally whitish, takes the red color of its skin. To hasten the fermentation, the grapes are crushed by means of a *hammer* or maul, and men are sent entirely naked into the vat, where they trample them with their feet. They come out from the vat of the color of boiled lobsters. This kind of bath is reputed to be very strengthening, and is sometimes recommended to sickly constitutions. When the fermentation is in full activity it boils up with a dull heavy sound, enough to make one shudder, and when a child I used to think it a representation of the devil's coppers. The quicker the fermentation the better the quality of the wine. If the harvest has been bad, they throw common sugar into the vat, which makes it better.

The day on which the grapes are put to press is a new holyday. Besides the public presses where the large proprietors have their gatherings pressed, there are movable presses, mounted upon four wheels, which are rolled about from door to door for the use of minor proprietors. As long as the wine runs in a stream into the *reservoir*, every lover of it has the privilege of drinking as much as he pleases, even to the exhaustion of the contents of the vat, for which purpose a wooden bowl or porringer is left floating on the rosy colored liquor, at the service of all. The wine merchant takes his taste in a little silver cup, which he always carries about him; it is the tool of his trade. When the pressing is finished and the wine put into barrels, scuttlers and pressers repair to the house of the planter, where an abundant dinner awaits them. At this dinner, an enormous leg of mutton occupies the place of honor, and seems to invite the guests to cut and come again. This dish is indispensable; and therefore the day becomes a sort of St. Bartholomew's to the sheep race. The pressers, who often wait upon several proprietors in the course of the same day, particularly if the harvests have not been very abundant, thus get as many meals as they have had customers. They sometimes dine seven or eight times in the twelve hours. Thus they become as fat and as plump as the mutton itself, and have pretty much the same odor. It would not be surprising if their hair should turn into wool.

The casks, into which the wine is put as it comes from the press, remain unbunged, that is to say, open during a certain time, for the liquor undergoes a second fermentation which throws off all foreign matters, and purifies it. During this period the proprietors become wine merchants, and a *bush*, that is to say, a bunch of something green, suspended over the door, indicates that for two sous any one may go down into the cellar and drink at pleasure. Many go down, but few are able to come up again without the help of a friend. The latter, in such a case takes off his cap or his bonnet, and, like Napoleon to the wounded Muscovites, charitably exclaim,—"Honor to unfortunate bravery!"

Such are the ordinary phases in the preparation of those wines which many among you, my dear readers, drink without knowing any of the mysteries of their origin. Indeed, many Parisians know as little about it as the Americans.

Selected Poetry.

MY SISTERS.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Like flowers that softly bloom together,
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather,
Ere strange, rude hands have parted them,
So were we linked unto each other,
Sweet sisters, in our childish hours,
For then our fond and gentle mother,
To us was like the stem to flowers.

She was the golden thread that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the chord around us,
And we were severed far and near.
The flowret's stem, when broke or shattered,
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet round the buds, though widely scattered,
The same soft perfume still we find.

And thus, although the tie is broken
That linked us round our mother's knee,
The memory of the words we've spoken
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us,
Sweet sisters, we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
And all three have a different name;
And yet, if sorrow's dimming fingers
Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers
I cannot trace those shadows now.

Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round ye thrown;
While like a stream that wanders lonely,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.
My heart is like the wind that beareth
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing—
The wind that for no creature careth,
Yet stealeth sweets from every thing.

It hath rich thoughts forever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze.
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods—

All these and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad
Like dew-drops shaken in a blossom;
And yet there is a something sad
Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, sisters, these wild thoughts were never
Yours, for ye would not love like me
To gaze upon the stars forever—
To hear the wind's wild melody;
Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding places
As they peep out upon the earth.

But, sisters, as the stars of even
Shrink from Day's golden, flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of Heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky;
So shall ye pass, the joyous hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in Heaven one mystic chain.

Our Scrap Book.

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

A RECEIPT.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss;
Two or three noes when he bids you say yes;
Two or three smiles when you utter the no;
Two or three frowns if he offer to go;
Two or three speeches like "ah! go away;"
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat;
Two or three tears, though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when vows are begun;
Two or three quarrels before you are done;
Two or three meetings, to walk here and there;
Two or three sights to the concerts repair;
Two or three dances, to make you jocose;
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope;
Two or three glances, to imitate hope;
Two or three pauses before you be won;
Two or three faintings, to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wooed your swain;
Two or three ahems when the clergyman appears.

SMOKING A FRESHMAN.—Some of the dignitaries of the Sophomore Class in old Yale, soon after the late assemblage of the students, undertook to initiate a Freshman in some of the mysteries of the school by the ancient process of smoking. For this purpose five of them visited the room of a young freshman, with pipes in their mouths, smoking lustily, and at the same time assisting the hot stove with assafœtida. As no compliments had been passed, *Freshy* very coolly rose, walked out of the door, turned the key, and left the smokers to enjoy the fragrance which they had created. After an hour or two Freshy called to inquire how they had spent the evening, when the Sophs cried for quarters and were allowed to depart. They did not like assafœtida at all, and thought it rather dangerous to jump out of a two story window.

☞ One Jesse Floyd advertises his wife, Nancy, as having left him without provocation. He says, "I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting. She is a trifling, good-for-nothing jade, 'any way you can fix it.'" To this Nancy replies that Jesse had "*cleared the kitchen*," leaving her his children to feed, without a cent of money. She says, I made him a good wife—but he is a sour, ill-natured, reel-footed, and bandy-legged scamp.

BOOTS VS. FISTS.—A faggot man carrying a load, by accident brushed against a doctor. The doctor was very angry at this, and was going to hit him with his fist. "Pray, don't use your precious hand, good sir—kick me an' welcome." The bystanders asked what he meant. Says the woodsman, "If he kicks me with his foot I shall recover; but if I once come 'under his hands,' it is all over with me."

☞ A tailor while travelling on the Lakes, was asked by a Yankee, where he lived, what his business was, &c., to which he replied, that he lived in Toledo, and "that his profession was sitting on the smooth side of poverty, and jerking out the cords of affliction."

☞ A prisoner, accused of some petty theft, at the New York Sessions, being questioned in regard to the inducement to the offence, and asked, among other things, by the Recorder, if he was in *want*? replied, "No, he was only in *liquor*."

☞ "You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose-matrimonial. "I perfectly agree with you, ma'am," was the reply, "*for bachelorism certainly is a luxury*."

TECHNICAL TOAST.—*Franklin*, the * of his profession—the type of honesty—the ! of all—and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life is without a ‖.

☞ It is a fair step towards happiness and virtue to delight in the company and conversation of good men, and, where these cannot be had, it is better to keep no company at all.

☞ It is to be regretted that a "jury" is too often a "*secret panel*" through which villains escape from justice.

Curious Facts.

SALARIES OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

The annexed list will show the contrast between the salaries bestowed upon the eminent men of England, and those given to the eminent men of our country:—

First Lord of the Treasury,	£5,000
Lord High Chancellor,	14,000
Lord President of the Council,	2,000
Lord Privy Seal,	2,000
Secretary of State, Home Department,	5,000
Secretary of State, Foreign Department,	5,000
Secretary of State, Colonial Department,	5,000
First Lord of the Admiralty,	4,500
Pay Master General,	2,500
President of the Board of Control,	2,000
The above are in the Cabinet.	
Secretary of War,	2,500
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,	20,000
Lord Chancellor of Ireland,	8,000
Judiciary.	
Master of the Rolls,	7,000
Vice Chancellors (each)	6,000
Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench	10,000
Four Judges of the Queen's Bench (each)	5,500
Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas,	8,000
Four Judges of the Court of Common Pleas (each)	5,500
Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer,	7,000
Four Barons of the Exchequer, (each)	5,500
Revenue of the Bishops.	
Archbishop of Canterbury,	£129,946
Archbishop of York,	223,220
Bishop of London,	207,662
Bishop of Lincoln,	373,956
Bishop of Norwich,	331,750

☞ The combined revenue of the two Archbishops and twenty-five Bishops of England is computed at £3,154,560

The Bishop of Calcutta,	5,000
The Bishop of Jamaica and Barbadoes (each)	4,000
The Bishops of Bombay, Madras, and Quebec (each)	2,505

AMERICA.

President of the U. States,	$25,000 equal to	£5,000
Secretary of State, War, Treasury and Navy, (each)	5,000 "	1,350
The Governor of Vermont,	750 "	170
The Governor of R. Island,	400 "	90

Choice Scraps.

TRIUMPH OF REASON OVER SCEPTICISM.—The astronomer, Kirchner, having a friend who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error:—Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which being placed in a situation where it could not fail to attract his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged? "It does not belong to me," said Kirchner, "nor was it ever made by any person; but it came here by mere chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; you surely jest." Kirchner however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design!" His friend was at first confounded; afterwards, when Kirchner pursued his reasoning, convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

CONFUCIUS AND CHRIST.—A writer in the New York Tribune says, There is "food for thought" in the following extract from a report of one of Mr. Webster's lectures. I refer more particularly to that part of which I have italicised:

"In philosophy and religion Confucius was their apostle. He did not pretend to be a prophet. His teachings were calculated to make men better in this world without direct and particular reference to another existence, which was rather to be hoped for than counted certain. They say that *Confucius told them a prophet would appear in the West in about five hundred years, to whom they must apply for spiritual guidance.* At the expiration of this time they sent as far West as India to find the *foretold* prophet, but were unsuccessful. As Confucius flourished five hundred years before Christ, *it is surmised that his direction had reference to the Saviour*."

AMERICAN WOMEN.—M. de Tocqueville, speaking of American women, says:—"As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is, in some respects, one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now I am drawing to a close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

"MORT! MORE MORT!"—A mason in Portland, having worked hard all the week, was disposed, while at church on Sunday, to refresh himself by a snooze. He had kept awake till the preacher had progressed some in his sermon, when he fell into a sound sleep, and dreaming in his soporific oblivion that he was about his work, he cried out in his stentorian voice, "*Mort! more Mort!*" The effect upon the congregation may be imagined.

PROFESSIONAL CANDOR.—"Will the Galvanic Rings cure depression of spirits?" asked a lady. "What has caused the complaint, madam?" replied the doctor; "the loss of my husband," mournfully ejaculated the lady. "Then you had better get a wedding ring," said the doctor.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF LAW.—A learned judge being once asked how he would act if a man owed him ten pounds, and refused to pay him. "Rather than bring an action," said he, "with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt in full of all demands," and after a little rumination he added —"Aye, and I would send him, moreover, five pounds to cover all possible costs."

A GOOD THING WELL SAID.—A subscriber to an Episcopal paper in sending his advance subscription money, writes to the editor—"I wish to pay for my paper in advance, for *I never like to read an editor's paper as well as I do my own.*"

☞ The latest question in physiology is, whether those persons who eat *saltpetred beef* will explode?

The Olio.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

The Comic Grammar says:
But remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oxen, not oxes.
To which an exchange paper adds:
And remember, though fleecy
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Are'nt gooses nor geeses.
We may also be permitted to add:
And remember, though house
In the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse
Should be mice and not mouses.
Philadelphia Gazette.
Though the singular of mice,
As is well known, is mouse,
The singular of *dice*
Is *die* and not *douse*.—*Boston Post.*
All of which goes to prove
That grammar a farce is;
For where is the plural
Of rum and molasses?—*N. Y. Gazette.*
The plural—Gazette—
Of rum don't us trouble;
Take one glass too much
And you're sure to see *double*.
Brooklyn Daily Advertiser.
A *singular* sight,
To see double must be;
That the *case* is *objective*,
All teetotalers agree.—*Picayune.*
Teetotalers, Pic,
Are not well *red* and *blue*;
Objective with them,
'Tis *possessive* with you.—*Boston Post.*
Pray what is the use
Of this idle clamor?
Neither ox, mouse nor goose
Pretend to teach *grammar*.
Augusta Age.
To which we would answer:
Of sheep, what's the plural?
The question's not deep—
If you can't answer *singly*,
You can in the *heap*!
Or this;
The *use*? every man
At his *own* wit can laugh—
And nothing's so common
As calf answering calf.

A ROBIN RED BREAST.

Wilson in his work on "American Ornithology" mentions that a lady residing near Tarrytown on the banks of the Hudson, had raised and kept a robin for seventeen years, and which was then unfortunately destroyed by a cat. Peabody in his history of birds, states that the robin sometimes lives to near twenty years of age. Miss Walters, of the Boston Transcript, says she knew a robin that must have lived much longer, having been in the possession of its owner for twenty years, and finally dying of old age. It was a hearty, full-brown bird when it first became the property of the good widow, and is supposed to have been at least twenty-five years old. For the first six years the now lost bird has been stone blind, yet, notwithstanding this affliction, the cheerful creature's notes are heard joyous and musical, and in the early spring it would prelude the general grand concert of the vocalists of the air making the welkin ring with its happy warblings. This *auld robin* was very fond of its kind mistress and was a universal favorite in her family especially among the young people, who learned many lessons of cheerfulness and good humor from their feathery friend. Notwithstanding the blindness of the bird it had no difficulty in finding its food which was steadily made ready, and it was not only amusing but interesting to watch its manœuvres to help itself. Contentment and cheerfulness seemed to be the burthen of this bird's message to mankind, and it certainly was capable of teaching man, by the force of example, those qualities which of all others ought to be most congenial to his nature.

LINES

On reading some verses entitled "A Farewell to Love."

BY ANNE C. LYNCH

Oh, stern indeed must be that minstrel's heart
In the world's dusty highway doomed to move,
Who with life's sunshine and its flowers can part,
Who strikes his harp and sings Farewell to Love.

To Love! that beam that colors all our light,
As the red rays illume the light of day,
Whose rose-hue, once extinguished from the sight,
Leaves the life-landscape of a dull, cold gray.

To Love! the ethereal, the Promethean spirit,
That bids this dust with life divine be moved;
The only memory that we still inherit
Of the lost Eden where our parents roved.

Oh, hopeless bard! recall that farewell strain,
Nor from thy breast let this fond faith depart,
Recall that utterance of thy cold disdain,
Thy doubt of Love, the atheism of the heart.

A GERMAN HEROINE.—We find in the Prussian papers some particulars of interest relating to a heroine of remarkable description—Grace Darling enlarged into gigantic proportions—residing in the town of Pillau. This woman, Katherine Kleinfeldt, is the widow of a seaman, with whom, for twenty years, she made long sea-voyages; and since his death, she has devoted her life, for his memory's sake, to the noble and perilous task of carrying aid to the drowning. Whenever a storm arises, by day or night, Katherine Kleinfeldt embarks in her boat, and quits the harbor in search of shipwrecks. At the age of forty-seven, she has already rescued upwards of three hundred individuals from certain death. The population of Pillau venerate her as something holy, and the seamen look upon her as their guardian angel. All heads are uncovered as she passes along the street. The Prussian and several other Governments have sent her their medals for civil merit, and the Municipality of Pillau has conferred upon her the freedom of the town. Katherine is of athletic form and strength, of masculine physiognomy, softened only by its look of gentleness and goodness.

COMIC INTERLUDE IN MACBETH.—The tragedy of Macbeth was acted recently at a town in Suffolk, England, and among the audience was a man who had been fifty miles in the course of the day, to see Carder, the murderer, hung at Bury. Such was the belief entertained unto the last that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted, that the man who had seen him die, was so pestered on all sides for an account of the melancholy spectacle, that he actually betook himself to the theatre to avoid further importunities. Just as he entered the fourth scene of the tragedy was commencing, and as he was quietly sitting himself in a box near the stage, Duncan began in the words of the author, as usual—

"Is the execution done on Cawdor?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, "I saw him hanged this morning—and that's the last time I will answer any more questions about it." The audience were convulsed with laughter at the strange mistake, and it was sometime before the performance could be proceeded with.

Juvenile Department

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of eleven letters.
My 4, 9, 8, 6, 10 and 4 is of great value to a man.
My 3, 2, 7, 4, 6 and 7 is all around you.
My 11, 6, 4 and 7 is a species of four footed animal.
My 9, 6, 1, 4 and 6 is to squander away.
My 7, 9 and 4 is a noxious animal.
My 9, 10, 11, 6 and 1 is a chain of mountains.
My 2, 9, 3, 4, 6 and 7 is a kind of serpent.
My 8, 3, 5, 9, 4 and 11 is a very ugly animal.
My whole is the name of a country in Europe.
Answer next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.
ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE.
SOLUTIONS.—Mexico; Greene; Erie; Boyle; Tipton; Noble; Ogle; Lenoir; Kent; York; Union; Perry; Mobile; Ripley.

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
NEW VOLUME, NEW TYPE, OLD FRIENDSHIPS,
AND
NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST feel constrained to make again their acknowledgments to the reading public for the liberal support which the paper receives. To show that they are not unmindful of the return which such patronage requires, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependent upon public patronage, "it grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that THE POST has increased in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying support which has been accorded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In the time which has served to see the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, THE POST has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the POST, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence divested of party bias, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, as far as it is ascertainable. We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

In political intelligence we recognize only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion, but print and publish for

"*The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number.*"

To give the SATURDAY POST an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the

FAMILY CIRCLE,

We give to its columns the character of a
WEEKLY MAGAZINE, embracing,
ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES;
ORIGINAL VERSE AND ESSAYS;
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SCIENCE AND STATISTICS;
REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;
MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;
ORIGINAL COMMENTS, on NOTABLES
WIT AND HUMOR;

In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,) the

WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this Journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

To make the POST truly Cosmopolitan in the

GREAT REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus our motto is still EXCELSIOR. Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

In addition to the letters of our much admired contributor, JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR, and the agreeable gossip of our BRISTOL CORRESPONDENT, the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post, purchase of the New York Mirror the right to transfer to their columns the letters of N. P. WILLIS. In this department, therefore the POST cannot be excelled.

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Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs; the most effectual and speedy cure ever known for any of the above diseases is

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY—ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 20th, 1845.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir:—I feel called by a sense of duty I owe to suffering humanity to acknowled my grateful thanks for the wonderful effects of your "COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY" on me, after having suffered months after months with the most afflicting of all diseases, Consumption, with scarcely a ray of hope, or a "beacon light" to guard me against my own horrible forebodings. The circumstances which first led to the awful state of debility, was from taking a very heavy "cold," which seemed to fix itself upon the lungs, which gradually grew worse, with profuse night sweats, a hacking cough, oppression in the breast, spitting blood, with great general debility. My constitution seemed broken down, and nervous system very much impaired, with all the symptoms of confirmed Consumption. I went to Philadelphia, and was treated there by physicians of the highest respectability, but still grew worse, until they gave me up as incurable, and advised me to go South, but being very poor after losing so much time from my work, and having spent all my money on the various "Patent Medicines," which were recommended so highly through the medium of the press, I was unable to take their advice. Being a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, they supplied me with money gratuitously to send me to my friends in Saco, Maine. I was treated by physicians of the highest standing there, but received no benefit whatever from them, but gradually grew worse, until my physicians and myself gave up all hopes of my ever recovering, and I felt like one who is about to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. At this "awful injunction," I heard of your "COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY," and knowing you to be a regular practising physician in Philadelphia, gave me more confidence in the medicine, so I concluded, as a last resort, to make a trial of it. I sent to your agent in Boston, and purchased one bottle, which relieved me very much. I then procured two bottles more, which I am happy to say entirely cured me, and I am now enjoying better health than I ever have before in my life. It seemed to have a beneficial effect at once. I gained strength rapidly, although reduced to a mere skeleton, and I feel satisfied from its salutary effects in my case, that Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry will cure any case of diseased Lungs, if taken according to the prescribed rules contained in the pamphlets accompanying the medicines. Even the physicians who witnessed my case are highly recommending it in similar cases—and I wish you to make this public, so that others who are suffering as I have been, may know where to procure a remedy at first, which will reach their disease, without tampering with and ruining their constitutions with the many "quack nostrums" with which the country is flooded, prepared by persons who have no knowledge of the science of medicine in theory or practice, but are got up merely with a mercenary view.

I am a Scarlet Member of the Hope Lodge of I. O. of O. F., in Providence, R. I., and will be happy to give any information in regard to the efficacy of your medicine, and can give ample proof that my case is not exaggerated in the least.

ALBERT A. ROSS

To Dr. H. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

CAUTION.—The public should be on their guard against the many "Balsams" and "Mixtures" of Wild Cherry, which have sprung up in all parts of the country, purporting to be prepared by physicians, all of which will be found to be "false," by a little inquiry in the towns and cities where they originate. All certificates and statements in regard to Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry are "strictly true," and the proprietor is daily receiving them from persons who have been cured by the celebrated remedy. The original and only genuine article is only prepared by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE streets, Philada.

Attached are the names of a few of the principal agents. Haviland, Keese & Co. New York; Dr. Milnor, corner of Broadway and John streets, New York; Avery, Ogden & Co., and Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. S. Morris & Co. Louisville, Ky.; E. Easterly & Co., and D. R. Diffendorfer, St. Louis, Mo.; Andrew Oliver & Co. N. Orleans; O. O. Woodman, Vicksburg, Miss.; S. Collart, Huntsville, Ala.; E. Hoeldge, Book store, Buffalo, N. York; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile; Stabler & Canby, Pratt street wharf, Baltimore, Md.; J. M'Kinley, Louisville, Pa.; J. P. Hall & Co., and M. I. E. Kidder, Boston; R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.; of M. Turner, Savannah, Geo.; J. M. Winslow & L. B. Swan, Rochester; Harvey Seymour, Hartford, Conn.; H. & J. Brewer, Springfield, Mass., and all the principal towns throughout the U. States. nov 22-3m

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—T. HOMER takes this opportunity of informing his friends that he has removed his Fancy Store from Chesnut above Seventh to No. 160 Chesnut opposite the State House, and has now on hand a very large assortment of Fancy Goods of all descriptions suitable for presents for the coming season. Games of all descriptions. Just received a new Biographical Game of the Distinguished Men of the United States—a very instructive game for children, Dissected Maps and Pictures, Ladies' Work Boxes, Card Cases &c. N. B.—All the Popular Games wholesale and retail. nov 15-9t

RESUMED.
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THE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS BUSINESS,
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